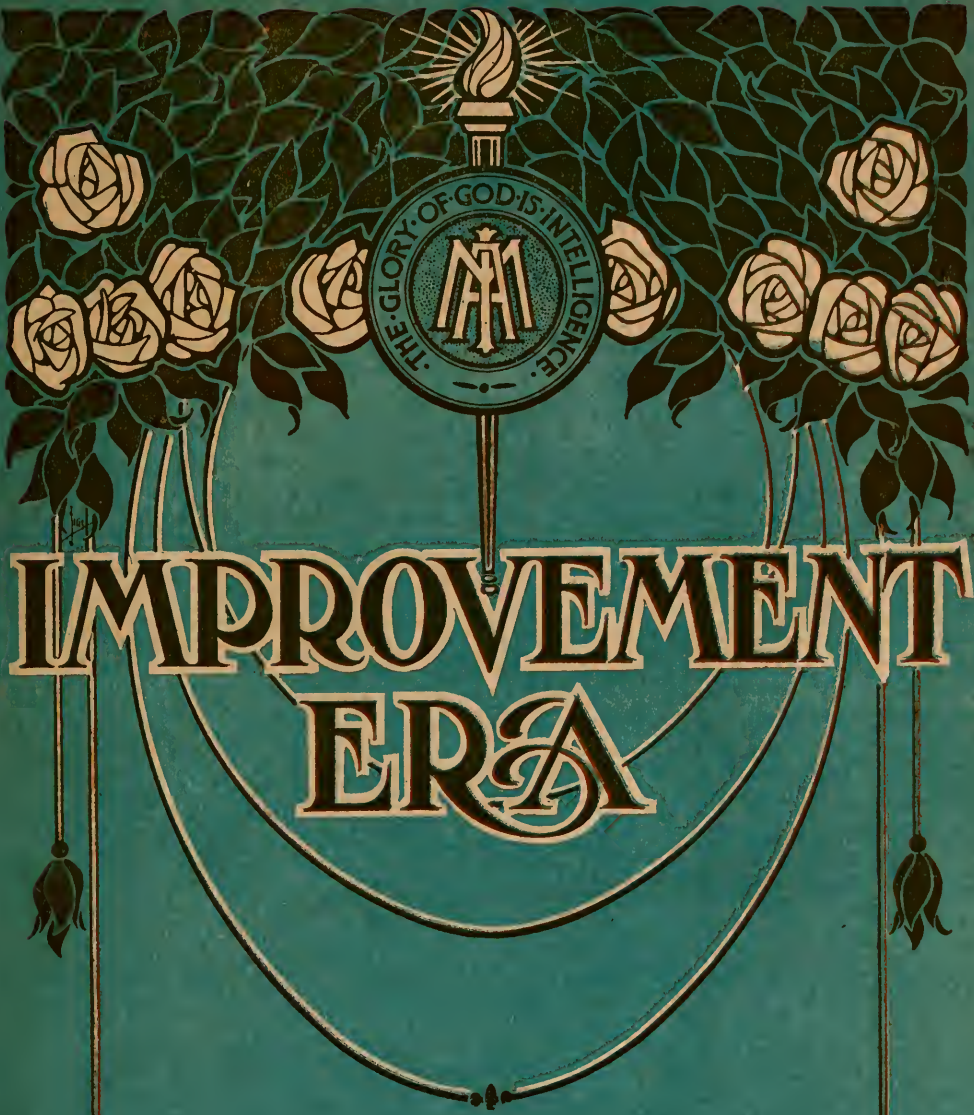

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XV. APRIL, 1912 No. 6

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Elder Wilmer Jensen, writing from Richmond, Kentucky, says: "The coming of the 'Era' is looked forward to with much delight, and we read the articles with great pleasure."

Elder Roscoe W. Eardley, writing from Rotterdam, February 19, says: "All the missionaries like the 'Era' very much. One person in this field who can read English was recently converted by reading the 'Improvement Era'."

A book to enjoy by the fireside is "Select Writings," by William Halls, Mancos, Colorado, a second edition of which is just issued from the press of the "Deseret News." It is sold for $1.00 from the book stores, or by the author.

Elder Lawrence C. Monson, writing from Norway, February 15, says: "We read the 'Era' carefully and find it a great source of encouragement and help in our labors. We pray the Lord will bless all those who are connected with its publication in their good work of instructing the youth of Zion."

IMPROVEMENT ERA, APRIL, 1912.

Two Dollars per Annum with Manual Free.

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Joseph F. Smith, Edward H. Anderson, Editors — Heber J. Grant, Business Manager; Moroni Snow, Assistant

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Spring

Spring has come. The reservoirs of the hills are once more beginning to pour out their rich treasures into the valley. The birds are on the wing. There is a scent of growth in the amative air. The sun and the earth are kissing to bring forth fruitage.

The melting snows rush down the wadies. The distant lake is roiled with new riches of water and soil, contributed by the impetuous mountain streams. One can hear their moanings in the calm of the early morn, resounding like the soughing of the wind in the pines, or as when a brewing storm stirs the snow drifts against the clear sky on the imperial peaks of the Wasatch.

The scientific husbandman is busy with his land, placing his acres and seeds into environment in harmony with the laws of growth and production. He is alertly aware that cultivation and planting must be attended in the proper season, and that neglect at the critical springtime moment is fatal to the best development. He is therefore watchful and painstaking, lest a neglect or a mistake now shall later ruin his rich prospects for an abundant harvest. He is especially careful that good seed shall be sown in well cultivated ground. He therefore selects it with care, places it in the fruitful earth which has been fertilized and prepared in season with loving attention. His work is strenuous now, but the advancing seasons will bring him pleasure in the perfect growth and development of his plants and grain, and at length rest, in the enjoyment of his harvest's rich reward.

Happy is the youth whose spring of life is at hand, and who, in the fascinating murmurs of its rich awakening, may still keep his wits about him, that with thrift and wisdom, truth and righteousness, he may so select his seed, and so plant, fertilize and cultivate his springtime acres of life that the harvest may be full and abundant.—Edward H. Anderson.

A GARDEN IN SALT LAKE VALLEY

Scene in a southern part of the valley, looking west to the Oquirrh range of mountains

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XV. APRIL, 1912 No. 6

Only One God to Worship

BY THE FIRST PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH

Discussions frequently arise over the meaning of isolated texts of scriptures, most of which would find interpretation in other passages of holy writ. Some of them are needless and unimportant, and these should be avoided; but it is proper to study and arrive at correct conclusions as to the meaning of that which is written for our learning and edification. The published standards of the Church, as has been frequently announced, are the Bible, "so far as it is translated correctly," the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price. These have been so accepted by the Church in conference assembled. Thus we have something at hand which can be appealed to as authority in doctrine.

The Lord has also appointed one man at a time on the earth to hold the keys of revelation to the entire body of the Church in all its organizations, authorities, ordinances and doctrines. The spirit of revelation is bestowed upon all its members for the benefit and enlightenment of each individual receiving its inspiration, and according to the sphere in which he or she is called to labor. But for the entire Church, he who stands at the head is alone appointed to receive revelations by way of commandment and as the end of controversy. Assisted by his counselors, he presides over the whole Church in all the world; thus the First Presidency hold the right to give authoritative direction in all matters that pertain to the building up and government and regulation of the body.

A question has been discussed in some of the auxiliary societies, and finally has been submitted to us, in reference to a saying to be found in the Pearl of Great Price, as follows:

"And I have a work for thee, Moses, my son; and thou art

in the similitude of my Only Begotten; and mine Only Begotten is and shall be the Savior, for He is full of grace and truth; but there is no God beside me, and all things are present with me, for I know them all." (Moses 1:6).

The words particularly debated are; "but there is no God beside me." They appear to be in conflict with many other statements in scripture, both ancient and modern, but are not out of harmony with them when properly understood.

Moses was reared in an atmosphere of idolatry. There were numerous deities among the Egyptians. In commencing the work which the Lord said he had for Moses to do, it was necessary to center his mind and faith upon God the Eternal Father as the only Being to worship. Therefore, the words now under consideration, or rather those that were actually spoken to Moses, of which these are a translation, were made emphatic, not only as to the false gods of the times but delusive spirits, of whom Satan was the chief and who tried to pass himself off to Moses as a divine object of worship, as narrated in the same chapter. (Verses 12-25).

This was repeated in substance, and for the same reasons, in the first of the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me,"—that is, beside me, above me, or equal to me, or to be an object of worship. (Exodus 20:2-5). Or, as Paul put it: "For though there be many that are called gods whether in heaven or in earth, (as there are gods many and lords many) yet to us there is one God the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord, Jesus Christ, by whom are all things and we by Him." (1 Cor. 8:5-6).

It should be remembered that it was Christ before he was in the flesh who gave the law and the commandments to Moses, and who spoke for the Father, as He explained to the Nephites when he appeared to them after his resurrection. (3 Nephi 15:5.) He "was in the beginning with God and was God," according to John 1:1. The Father was represented by Him and He acted and spoke for the Father, in the creation and from that time forward in all the divine dispensations. Angels also, under Him, have been appointed to speak for God, being so authorized and empowered. (See Ex. 23:20, 21). But the sole object of worship, God the Eternal Father, stands supreme and alone, and it is in the name of the Only Begotten that we thus approach Him,

as Christ taught always. "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; He judgeth among the gods." (Psalms 82:16). Jesus quoted this and did not dispute it (John 10:34-6). All the perfected beings who are rightly called gods, being, like the Savior, possessed of "the fullness of the Godhead bodily", are ONE, just as the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are one.

There are questions relating to doctrine and principle that are proper subjects for class discussion, when that is conducted for the purpose of gaining information. There are topics, however, that are of no particular moment, or on which no definite conclusion can be authoritatively reached, and these ought to be avoided, as a waste of time and a cause of endless dispute. Let the light shine and be sought for in faith, but let contention have no place among the Latter-day Saints!

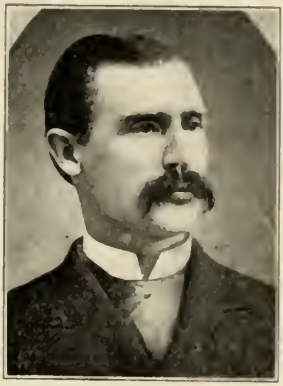
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
ANTHON H. LUND,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
First Presidency.

Elder Joseph W. Clark, writing from Middlesbrough, England, states that they have twenty-nine elders in Newcastle conference. The work is progressing despite the tirades of persecution waged against the elders. He says: "It is my opinion that these tirades help to further rather than to hinder the good work. It also acts as an aid to purge the local organizations by culling out the weak and undesirable members who appear to have accepted the gospel for selfish purposes, and not for the glorious principles themselves, in the plan of salvation—people who may be likened to those in the beautiful parable of the sower: 'They are they that fall upon stony places where they had not much earth, and when the sun came up they were scorched, because they had no root, and they withered away.' I am pleased with the outlook. The elders of this conference are up and doing. The opposition puts most of the elders on their mettle and makes them alert, causing them to fortify themselves against the ever-expected attacks. The persecution also enables us to present the gospel to many people who otherwise would not hear it, since now they come to hear and see us out of curiosity."

History of the Mexican Mission

BY REY L. PRATT, PRESIDENT OF THE MISSION

On the 5th day of November, 1879, Elder Moses Thatcher, of the quorum of Twelve Apostles, in company with Elders J. Z Stewart and Milton G. Trejo, arrived in the City of Mexico, having come for the purpose of establishing a Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints, among the Lamanites of that land. Immediately they set to work, and their labors very soon bore fruit, for, on November 20, 1879, Plotino C. Rodakanaty and Silviano Arteaga were baptized and confirmed members of the Church, by Elder Moses Thatcher. Other baptisms soon followed, there being six baptized by Elder Milton G. Trejo, on November 23. A meeting was held the same day, and those baptized were confirmed members of the Church, and the principles of the gospel were taught to those assembled. Four of the native brethren received the priesthood and were ordained elders. A branch of the Church was organized in Mexico City, over which Elder Plotino C. Rodakanaty was called to preside. The action was unanimously sustained by the vote of those present, and he was set apart to that position by Elder Moses Thatcher. Arrangements were made at this meeting for holding regular meetings in the branch, three times a week. Thus the missionary work in Mexico was put on a working basis.



MOSES THATCHER
Presided over the Mexican mission from November 5, 1879, till August 11, 1881.

The work of proselyting continued without interruption, and quite a number more were added to the fold, by Februray 4, 1880, when Elder Thatcher, now having gotten the mission in good working order, left for Utah, leaving Elders Stewart and Trejo temporarily in charge.

On May 17, 1880, Elder M. G. Trejo left Mexico City, in company with a native brother, for his home in Arizona. It was necessary to make the trip overland by way of Chihuahua, as there were, at that time, no railroads running the full length of the Mexican Republic, and into the United States, as there are today. This left Elder Stewart as sole missionary from Zion in this far off mission; but not for long, however, as on December 5 of the same year, Elder Thatcher again returned accompanied by Elder Feramorz L. Young.

On April 4, 1881, Apostle Moses Thatcher, in company with Elders Feramorz L. Young, J. Z. Stewart, and brothers Silviano Arteaga, F. A. Lara, and Ventura Paez, left Mexico City to make the ascent of the great volcano of Popocatepetl, which lies about fifty miles southeast of the city, there to hold a conference on April 6. At Ozumba they were joined by brother Lino Zarate and two other native brethren. All day of the 5th was employed in making the ascent, and night found them still some distance from the summit; in fact, just a little below timber line. It was extremely cold, which made it necessary for them to keep great bonfires burning all night. This also served to keep away wild animals, panthers, etc., with which the woods were infested. Next morning they continued their ascent until they reached the "Pico del Fraile," at which point they celebrated their conference, it being April 6, 1881, just fifty-one years after the Church was organized. Fervent prayers were raised to God, imploring his blessings on this Mission, and the country was blessed and dedicated to the Lord for the preaching of the gospel.

On May 1, 1881, one more was added to the small force laboring in the Mission, with the coming of August H. F. Wilcken. Elder Wilcken came overland by way of Chihuahua, and as he was already learned in the Spanish language, his presence was a great help to the cause. The first few weeks after his arrival were spent in translating a tract written by Elder Thatcher. He was then sent to Ozumba, and in company with a native elder, Fernando A. Lara, carried on the work of proselyting in that and surrounding towns.

On June 1, 1881, Elder J. Z. Stewart was released, and left for his home in Utah just a month later, going on horseback to Acapulco, and from there, by steamer to San Francisco, and thence home by rail. Elder Stewart's translations have been of

great service to the missionary work, among the Spanish speaking people. He helped translate the Book of Mormon, and the *Voice of Warning,* into the Spanish language. He labored in the Mission twenty-one months.

AUGUST H. F. WILCKEN
Presided over the Mexican mission from September 11, 1881, till April 15, 1883.

On August 1, 1881, Elder Moses Thatcher was released, and Elder August H. F. Wilcken was selected to preside over the Mission, being set apart to that office September 11, 1881, by Elder Thatcher. On September 15, Elders Thatcher, Feramorz L. Young, and Ferando A. Lara left Mexico City, over the Mexican railroad, for Vera Cruz, to take passage on the *Knickerbocker* for New York, thence home to Utah by rail.

The work had extended greatly during Elder Thatcher's stay in the mission, considering the limited number of elders laboring in the field. A total of sixty-one souls had been baptized up to the time that Elder Thatcher took his departure.

On October 19, President Wilcken received a letter from Brother Thatcher, telling of the sad death of Elder Feramorz L. Young, of typhoid fever, on board the *Knickerbocker,* on September 17, 1881, while in passage across the Gulf of Mexico. There was not sufficient ice aboard to preserve the body till they could reach New York, which made it necesssary to bury the body in the gulf. This last sad rite took place September 29, 1881, Elder Moses Thatcher officiating.

Elder Wilcken carried on the missionary work manfully, alone, being now the only elder from Zion in the field. He was, however, greatly assisted in his labors by native elders.

Under these circumstances, the arrival of Elders Anthony W. Ivins and Milson R. Pratt, May 21, 1882, was greatly appreciated by President Wilcken. Elder A. W. Ivins was one of the company of missionaries who, under Daniel W. Jones, passed the Mexican border, January 7, 1876, at El Paso, and came as far South as the City of Chihuahua, capital of the state of that name. The first Latter-Day-Saint meeting ever held in the in-

terior of Mexico was held by this party in the City of Chihuahua, April 8, 1876: about five hundred people attended the meeting. Elders J. Z. Stewart and Helaman Pratt, both of whom took active part in missionary labors in and around Mexico City, were also members of this party.

For nearly a year after his arrival in the Mission, Elder Ivins labored as traveling elder, but on the release of President Wilcken, was called to fill his place as president of the Mission, to which office he was set apart by Elder Wilcken, April 15, 1883. Elder Wilcken left for home, April 22, via Vera Cruz and New Orleans, having labored two years in the Mission, nineteen months as president. During the time he presided over the Mission, fifty-one souls were added to the fold by baptism.

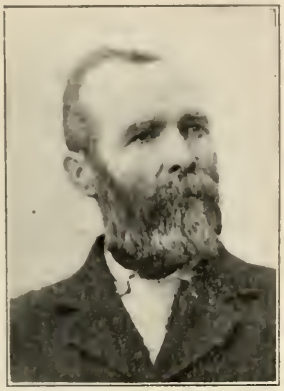
ANTHONY W. IVINS
Presided over the Mexican mission from April 15, 1883, till March 27, 1884.

For the work there was to do, the laborers were indeed few, Elders Ivins and Pratt constituting the whole force of elders from Zion laboring in the field. Quite a number of native elders were pressed into service, and the work of preaching the gospel and spreading the truth was vigorously pushed.

On August 3, 1883, Elder Milson R. Pratt let his zeal get the better of his judgment, and he and a native elder, Lino Zarate, were arrested for preaching in the "Plaza" or open market place in Ozumba, knowing that all open air meetings in Mexico are prohibited by law. They were taken to Chalco, the county seat, and placed in jail. Word was taken to Elder Ivins, who was at that time in Mexico City, by Brother Julian Rojas, of what had happened, and on August 4, Elders Ivins and Candanosa went to Chalco to see what could be done. They went direct to the Jefatura, and after talking with the Jefe Politico, Senor Hipolito Reyes, Elder Pratt was released, after paying a cash fine of fifteen dollars. The native elder was not, at that time released.

Elders Helaman Pratt and Franklin R. Snow arrived in Mexico City, November 10, 1883, having come via New Orleans and Vera Cruz. They were met at the Buena Vista station of the

Mexican railway, by Elders A. W. Ivins and Milson R. Pratt, and taken to the elders' room in 2a Cale de San Francisco, No. 7.



HELAMAN PRATT
Presided over the Mexican mission from March 27, 1884, till May 2, 1887.

Elder Helaman Pratt was called to succeed Elder Ivins as president of the Mission, and was set apart, March 27, 1884, by A. W. Ivins. Elders Ivins and Milson R. Pratt left next day, over the Mexican Central railway, being the first missionaries from this Mission to return by this route, and all the way by rail. They had labored in the Mission twenty-two months. Elder Ivins, as Mission president for eleven months. During his administration as president, thirty-six persons were admitted into the Church by baptism.

The work, by this time, had extended greatly, and branches had been established in Toluca, Ixtacalco, Tecaloe, and Chimal, in the State of Mexico; Cuautla and San Andres de la Cal, in the State of Morelos, and Nopola, in the State of Hidalgo, so it can readily be seen that two elders, left in the field, had no time for anything but work, and we can greatly sympathize with them in their joy, when Elders Isaac J. Stewart and Alvin V. Robinson arrived in Mexico City, November 17, 1884, to labor with them in spreading the gospel and caring for the converted. However, Elder Robinson was not permitted to remain long, but on account of ill health was released and returned home April 22, 1885.

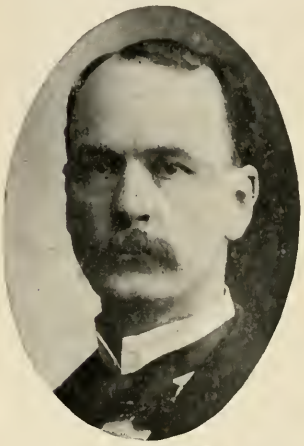
On May 9, 1885, Elders Moses Thatcher and Brigham Young arrived in Mexico City as representatives of the Church, to treat with the Mexican Government for the purchase of lands and the granting of colonization concessions, with a view to establishing colonies of our people in the State of Chihuahua. On May 22, they were received by President Diaz, explained to him their mission, and opened negotiations with him for the above named purposes. They left for Salt Lake City the same night.

On June 29, 1885, Elders Erastus Snow, Brigham Young, John W. Taylor, and also Victoria Pratt, wife of President Hela-

man Pratt, and their little son, Carl L., arrived in Mexico City, the apostles having come to continue negotiations with the government for colonization concessions and lands on which to colonize. Sister Pratt had come to assist in missionary labor, being the first woman missionary of the Church in Mexico. The brethren were recived by President Diaz and other government officials, and on February 27, of the following year, twenty thousand hectaras of land were purchased by Elder Erastus Snow and A. F. Mac Donald for colonization purposes. The contract entered into with the government specified that a certain per cent of the colonists should be native born Mexicans, and it was thought a good plan to gather the native Saints with those who were coming from Utah and other places to the Colonies. Hence, on December 1, 1886, President Helaman Pratt left Mexico City with a company of Saints for Colonia Juarez, for the purpose of establishing them there. All went well till they arrived there, but conditions there, climatic and every other way, were so different from what the native Mexican Saints had been used to, that the greater part of them became dissatisfied, and they started back home on foot. Many of them made the entire journey on foot, back to their native homes, the journey taking them three months. A few families remained in the Colonies for four or five years, but finally all but two or three persons found their way back to the "sunny South." It may appear to some that they were not very well converted to so soon turn their backs on Zion, and their faces homeward, but when acquainted with all the conditions, it does not seem so strange. They were people taken from a tropical clime, some of them, and others from the unequaled spring-like clime of the Valley of Mexico. In their native homes they were poor, true it is, but for a few cents they could buy in the market each day what they needed for that day. Then they had their homes in which to live, in some cases, it being only a cane or cornstalk house with a grass roof,—but it was the home in which they were born, and in which their fathers had lived before them, and they had no conception of how to start out to make another. Such a thing as laying up anything for the winter had never occurred to them. Just imagine such a people being planted down in such a place as Colonia Juarez was in an early day,—and that in mid-winter,—where there were no houses, no ditches, no fences, and above all, no "plaza," nor even a store at

which to buy, and see if you canot imagine how they became discouraged.

Elder Pratt returned from the Colonies to his missionary labors in Mexico, sometime before April, 1887, but only to labor for a short time in the Mission field, and he again returned to Colonia Juarez, May 2, 1887. He was not released from his missionary labors, but simply transferred from one field to another. He spent the remainder of his life in helping to build up and establish the Saints in the Colonies. When the Juarez stake was organized, December 9, 1889, with A. W. Ivins as president, he was chosen as counselor, in which capacity he acted till March, 1908, when the stake was reorganized. He died in Colonia Dublan, November, 26, 1909. During the time Elder Pratt presided over the Mission, eighty-four souls were added to the Church by baptism. He labored in the Mission for three years and six months; three years and two months as president. Elder Horace H. Cummings was called to preside over the Mission on the departure of Elder Pratt, and continued in that capacity till October 6, 1887, when Henry Eyring was called, and sustained to preside over the Mission. Elder Eyring later became a counselor to President A. W. Ivins, when the Juarez stake was organized.



HORACE H. CUMMINGS
Presided over the Mexican mission from May 2, 1887, till October 6, 1887.

Elder Cummings was released and returned to his home in Utah, October 18, 1887, having labored in the mission for two years and four months.

Missionary labors were continued under the direction of Elder Eyring till December 21, 1888, when he was released to return home. Two elders remained in the Mission for several months longer. They were Elders Selvestre D. Collett, who died in the Mission of typhoid fever, May 5, 1889, and Elder David J. Rodgers, who did work here in June, 1889. During Presidents Cummings' and Eyring's administrations, and up to the time all the elders were withdrawn, there were nine baptisms, making a total of two hundred forty-one baptised from the time the Mis-

sion was opened, November 5, 1879, to June 3, 1889.

The withdrawal of the missionaries left the native Saints to take care of themselves as best they could. With no one to teach them the gospel and Church discipline, they were, as it were, like as sheep without a shepherd, and soon drifted into error. Some of the branches became disorganized, and their members were scattered; others formed themselves into what they termed, "Independent Religious Societies," and tried to live in conformity with the teachings of the Bible, and were so found when the mission was reopened, and most of the members were won back to their faith in and allegiance to the gospel, through the ardent labors of Elder Ammon M. Tenney, who was the first missionary in the field after the Mission was reopened. There was one branch which remained loyal to the Church, under the presidency of Francisco Barco, during the long absence of the elders from Zion, a period of thirteen years, and be it said, to the credit of all those who were left without a shepherd for so long a time, that very few went back to their old faiths, or lost entire faith in the gospel of truth.

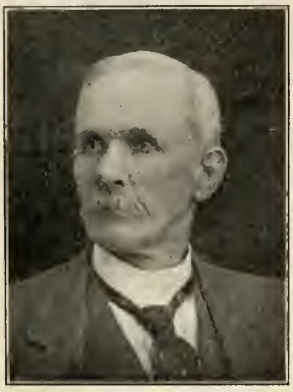
HENRY EYRING
Presided over the Mexican mission from October 6, 1887, till December 21, 1888.

The Mission Reopened.

On June 1, 1901, Elder John Henry Smith, Presidents A. W. Ivins and Henry of the Juarez stake, and Elder Ammon M. Tenney and Sister Josephine Smith, arrived in Mexico City, for the purpose of reopening the Mexican Mission in and around Mexico City. On the 8th, they went to Cuernavaca, the capital of the State of Morelos, where they were met by Elder H. L. Hall, who had, for several years, been engaged in the hotel business in that city and in the City of Mexico. Brother Hall had been doing some missionary labor with the native people in his employ, and through his labors some had accepted the gospel. The day was spent in visiting these Saints, and at night a meeting was held, in which Elder Ammon M. Tenney was set apart as president of the Mexican mission, by Elder John Henry Smith.

After a short stay in Cuernavaca, the party returned to

Mexico City, and on Tuesday, June 17, an interview was had by the brethren, with President Porfirio Diaz. Elder Smith expressed his gratitude to President Diaz and his people for their kindness and consideration in receiving our people into their land, and explained to him what we expected to do by way of proselyting the country. President Diaz expressed great satisfaction, and wished the brethren every success. He sent, by the brethren, warm greetings to President Lorenzo Snow.



AMMON M TENNEY

First president, after reopening of the mission on June 1, 1901. Presided over the mission till February 8, 1903.

The same evening, at 7:30 p. m., Elder John Henry Smith and Presidents A. W. Ivins and Henry Eyring, and Sister Josephine Smith, left Mexico City for their homes, leaving Elder Ammon M. Tenney alone to pursue his missionary labors. Elder Tenney immediately set about visiting the old branches that had been organized in the former mission: Iatacalco, Tecalco, Atlautla, Chimal, Cuautla, and San Andres de la Cal, and whatever members of whose whereabouts he could learn. Great success attended his labors, and many branches were won over, reorganized, and put in a flourishing condition. Church discipline was taught and maintained among the people, and many friends and converts were made, and many baptisms performed. In December, 1901, a place suitable for Mission headquarters in Mexico City was rented in Calle de Humbolt, No. 5. The work of spreading the gospel went rapidly on. Conferences were held, branches set in order, old members visited and reconverted, and many new converts were made. Elder Tenney pressed into service many of the native brethren, who rendered effectual and faithful assistance.

On June 22, 1902, Elders Alonzo L. Taylor, James Jacobson, and Samuel G. Lake arrived in Mexico City, to labor as missionaries. This help was gratefully received by Elder Tenney, as for a little more than a year, he had been laboring alone so far as any elders from Zion were concerned, his only help being re-

ceived from the native elders. However, he had had the company of his wife, Eliza, since March 6, 1902, and had been favored, most of the time, with the company of Elder H. S. Harris and family, who were living in Mexico City, Elder Harris, in obedience to a call for the purpose of studying Mexican law.

The three new missionaries, although without missionary experience, and with very little knowledge of the Spanish language, were assigned different fields of labor, and straightway set out to labor, as follows: Elder Taylor, in Cuernavaca and vicinity; Elder Lake, Trigales; and Elder Jacobson, Ozumba and surrounding towns. Success attended their efforts, and they were successful in making friends and making clear to them the gospel's truths, in the Spanish language.

On August 10, 1902, Elder Tenney left Mexico City for the Colonies, on business, leaving Elder H. S. Harris in charge of the Mission during his absence. Up till this time, there had been one hundred seventy baptisms performed in the Mission, since the time of its reopening, a period of fourteen months.

H. S. HARRIS

Served two terms as president of the Mexican mission: from February 8, 1903, till May 14, 1904, and from September 29, 1905, till September 29, 1907.

Elder Tenney returned to the Mission in October, 1902, and continued his faithful labors till February 8, 1903, when he was released to return home. Elder H. S. Harris was set apart by Elder Tenney as president of the Mission. Elder Tenney spent some time visiting the Saints and turning over Mission affairs to President Harris, and left for his home in the Colonies, March 2, 1903, having labored in the Mission twenty-one months.

The force of elders had now been increased to six, and three more were added before the end of the year.

Elder Elmer Hooks, of Provo, who arrived in the Mission June 24, 1903, was taken sick with typhoid fever, and died at the American Hospital, in Mexico City, August 17, 1903. He was buried in the American cemetery.

Elder Harris was released to return home, May 14, 1904, and Elder Talma E. Pomeroy was selected to take his place,

and was set apart by Elder A. Owen Woodruff, May 23, 1904.

It now becomes our painful duty to narrate the saddest incident that has ever taken place in the Mexican mission. Elder A. O. Woodruff and wife, Helen Woodruff, in company with President A. W. Ivins of the Juarez stake, and some others, arrived in Mexico City, May 9, 1904, for the purpose of attending conference with the elders and Saints of the Mission. An enjoyable conference was had in the Atlautla branch, but on May 24, after returning to Mexico City, Sister Woodruff was taken seriously ill with severe headache and fever, and on Monday, the 26th, her case was pronounced smallpox, by Dr. E. H. Norton. Elders Woodruff, T. E. Pomeroy, Paul E. Henning, and Alonzo L. Taylor, remained in the Mission House to care for and nurse Sister Woodruff, while the rest of the party took rooms in a hotel to escape contagion. Sister Woodruff's five month's old baby was taken in charge by Sister Kate Spillsbury, who was one of the visiting party. All that kind hands and loving hearts could do was done for Sister Woodruff, but she gradually grew worse, till June 7, when she passed peacefully away, surrounded by her husband and those who had attended her during her fatal illness. She was buried the same day in the American cemetery, of Mexico City. Owing to the fact that Elder Alonzo L. Taylor had been exposed to the smallpox, he was released to return home with Elder Woodruff, and they, in company with Sister Kate Spillsbury, and the infant baby of Sister Woodruff, left Mexico City for El Paso, June 8. Elder Woodruff took sick the day they left Mexico City, and on reaching Ciudad Juarez, was so sick he could hardly walk to the home of Brother Pierce, only a distance of about one hundred yards. Elder Taylor also took sick on reaching Ciudad Juarez, and through the kindness of the United States health officers of El Paso, he and Elder Woodruff were taken and placed in a hospital in El Paso, where they could receive proper nursing and treatment. Elder Woodruff had a sever case of smallpox,

TALMA E. POMEROY
Presided over the Mexican mission from May 23, 1904, till August 25, 1905.

but it was not considered a fatal one, and great hopes were entertained for his recovery, but on June 20, he took suddenly worse and passed away at 5:26. He was buried next day. Elder Taylor's case was a light one, and he soon recovered and returned to his home in Colonia Juarez. These sad occurrences cast a deep gloom over the whole Mission, and many were led to ask, "why were two spirits, so young, so full of life and usefulness, called to leave this life?" And the only answer that came was, "God knoweth best."

Great progress was made in missionary work during President Pomeroy's administration. New fields were opened up and new branches were organized. He was released and returned home, August 25, 1905.

Elder H. S. Harris was again called to preside over the Mission, and arrived in Mexico City, September 29, 1905. By this time the force of missionaries had been increased to eleven, and three more arrived before the end of the year. With this efficient corps of workers, the missionary work was carried on with great success. President Harris left Mexico City, August 23, 1906, and made an extended trip through South America, to look for a new country for colonization purposes. He returned to the Mission, December 14, and continued his labors until September 29, 1907, when he was released to return home, having presided over the Mission just twenty-four months, during which time, eighty-six souls were added to the Mission by baptism.

REY L. PRATT

The present president of the Mexican mission, was set apart September 29, 1907.

Elder Rey L. Pratt was called to succeed President Harris, and was set apart as president of the mission, September 29, 1907, by Elder H. S. Harris. Elder Pratt had labored in the Mission as traveling elder, eleven months prior to his call to preside over the Mission. There were, at the time he took charge, ten elders laboring in the Mission, and the number has now been increased to a standing force of twenty efficient workers. Great progress had been and is being made. New conferences and branches have been organized, also more Sunday

schools and Relief societies. Up to date, since President Pratt took charge, there has been an increase, by baptisms, of three hundred thirty-eight souls, and many children have been blessed. Our statistical records now show a membership in the Mission of one thousand forty-five. Much prejudice in the country is being overcome, and many new towns and people are opening their doors to the elders, where only three or four years ago, it was impossible to get a hearing.

ELDERS AND SISTERS IN THE MEXICAN MISSION

Top row, left to right: Donald C. Black, Edmund C. Richardson, Arthur S. Haymore, Manuel C. Naegle, Parley Fenn, Broughton Lunt, James Whippel, Ira L. Hurst. Middle row: George A, Brown, William C. Smith, A. Lorenzo Anderson, Andres C. Gonzalez, Jesse Porter, Romulus De La Mare. Front row: Ernest W. Young, mission secretary; Miel C. Pierce, first counselor in mission presidency; Mrs. May Pratt Rey L. Pratt, mission president; Miss Gladys Pratt, Arnold C. Huber, second counselor in mission presidency, and Heber C. Rowley. The children are the children of President and Sister Pratt.

All of the Elders in the Mission are in the best of health and spirits, and are full of zeal for the work of the Lord. Prospects were never brighter for the spread of the gospel in this land, and we look forward to a bright and prosperous future for the Mexican Mission.

MEXICO, D. F. AUGUST 22, 1911

The Open Road

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS UNIVERSITY

Part II.—In Which Brocketts Takes the Great Highway and Finds It Beset with Difficulties

Stage I.—Wherin Brocketts Gets a Job in the Back Alleys of Cellartown.

When Brocketts awoke the next morning, he was at a loss, for a time, to know exactly where he was. For during the night his mind had been going over again the scenes of the last year. At first he entertained grave doubts whether he had opened his eyes in that dismal orphanage at Vinningen, by the camp fire in the land of the shallow waters where was a lonely grave, or on the blind baggage of that flying train with the red hail pelting his face. But the frosty air, that poured in all too plentifully through those cracks, soon removed all question as to his whereabouts.

"I'll have them stopped up," he said, meaning the open places, "as soon as I get settled here."

Rising from his couch and descending the ladder, he joined the stable boy, who had been some time at work.

"What you doin' up so early?" inquired that surprised youngster. "'Tain't time for you to get up yet. If I had a chance to lay abed till seven," he went on pessimistically, "you bet your bottom dollar, I'd *lay* there!"

"Not if you had such a cold bed as I had last night," Brocketts answered with truth. And then, "Let me help you curry the horses. I know how."

Here was another cause for wonder. Tom stared at his new friend, one hand with the brush unmoving on the horse's neck, the other holding the comb frozen in mid-air. "Say, Brocketts, what you want to work for when you don't *have* to?"

Brocketts smiled. "You helped me last night," he said.

And truly he had, for the savor of that dust still lingered in Tom's throat.

"Oh, that's different—that wasn't work, anyhow. Besides, you was a stranger. You should always help strangers."

Brocketts had never heard of our great American, Rip Van Winkle, else he would have understood how it is that a lazy man —and a lazy boy, too, for that matter—can work cheerfully and ungrudgingly for others at no profit to himself, and at the same time have an "insuperable aversion" for his own tasks. As for Peter Klaus, over there in Germany, he was quite another person. But though Tom had difficulty in seeing why Brocketts should be anxious to work, yet he had small objection to letting him. So he readily consented to put the curry comb and brush into his friend's hands, and assumed the air of inspector-general.

"What you goin' to do today?" Tom asked.

"Don't know yet; Mr. Bernstein told me to call on him this morning at seven o'clock and find out. There ought to be plenty of work round a place like this."

"Sure, there is," Tom conceded; "but kids like you an' me don't get—look out, there! Brocketts," he added, breaking off the tail of his sentence, "don't use the comb too low on that hind leg, else old Moll'l kick you into the middle of next week!"

The boy changed the comb for the brush accordingly, and proceeded gently to brush Moll's doubtful hind leg.

"That depends on the kid, don't it?" Brocketts asked, adopting Tom's vernacular. "I'm going to be the manager of this firm some day, do you believe that?"

"Naw, course I don't!" Tom exploded in no uncertain tones. And then he added, incredulously, "Kids don't manage anything."

"Course they don't—kids don't," Brocketts corrected; "but *men* do; and men were kids once, weren't they?"

"Sure!" came the acknowledgement.

"Well, then!—what's that?" A loud, mournful sound broke the silence.

"That's only the seven o'clock whistle."

In a jiffy the curry comb and brush were on the floor at Tom's feet, and Brocketts was out at the door in less time than the stable boy's slow understanding could grasp the situation.

"Gee! but he's a quick 'un!" he said to himself, picking up his working tools. "But he'll get tired of going it at that gait. I

used to do it that way myself." And as there was no one to dispute his word on the point, he went about the unfinished task of brushing down Moll's leg.

Meanwhile, the new boy was in the office. "Here I am, Mr. Bernstein. What am I to do today?"

Now, Mr. Bernstein had his own opinion as to how boys should be encouraged. "If you want to unfit a young man for any higher task," he had once said to a father who had asked for a place in the store such as only those could fill who graduated into it, "give him something grand to begin with."

"But my boy has natural talent for the place," the man had urged.

"They all have—till you try them!" Mr. Bernstein had said. "The best way to do with your boy—the best thing for him—is to make him start low and climb high. If you start him high, he'll climb down! If a boy won't do the meanest work when he ought to, then there's no chance that he can do much of the better sort, when he wants to."

On this basis Brocketts was to begin. Brocketts, though, knew nothing of his employer's views on the subject.

And so the two went down into the cellar in search of a job.

"Walton," said Mr. Bernstein, "find something for this young man to do, will you?"

"Plenty of work, sir—plenty of work!" repeated that cheerful soul. Brocketts liked him right off. Walton put his hand gently on the boy's shoulder and pushed him forward.

"Oh, Walton," called Mr. Bernstein. Walter turned. "Brocketts lives in the loft of the barn—that old store-room up there, you know—and he wants to fix it up so as to make it a bit comfortable. If you've got anything around here that he can use, let him have it."

"Yes, sir!"

And Walton pushed him on.

The basement was a large place covering nearly as much ground as the store. It looked very much like a city, with streets and buildings on each side, some high and some low. For Mr. Bernstein was a wholesale merchant as well as a retailer, and large quantities of goods were stowed away here. Then, too, it resembled a city in another respect. The principal thoroughfares were kept clean, but there were some dreadfully dirty back alleys.

Into one of the darkest and dirtiest of these alleyways Walton pushed Brocketts. Refuse had gathered here for months, it would seem. Full boxes, of whatever sort, had fallen apart; and loose paper, straw, and I don't know what not, fairly littered the place. It was musty, too, and smelt foul as an old garbage heap. And all the light there was to work by was a tallow candle.

But the boy set to with as much of a will, apparently, as if he had been a bank teller, dealing out bright silver and gold pieces in broad daylight or in the gas glare. Everything that would burn, he took out and burned. He piled up the boxes, full and empty, in orderly rows. He raked and swept the space clean.

"Take your time, my boy," said easy-going Walton, when Brocketts went to him at the end of the job, "take your time; there's plenty of these to keep you going all winter."

And Brocketts was set to work in another alley, and then another.

The noon hours and the evenings, during those days, he spent in making his room habitable. First he hunted up some heavy burlap that had come in as the wrappings of hams and flitches of bacon. After filling up the spaces between the boards with strips of sacking, he tacked this on the sides and the ceiling, taking care that it should have no wrinkles. Some old wrappings of tea cases he similarly put on the floor to serve as matting. Not only were these crude coverings useful in keeping out the cold, but they added greatly to the appearance of the room.

His next task was to get some furniture. Here is where his slender knowledge of carpentering was put to the test. He made a neat-looking bed by placing some wire netting over two scantlings fastened to two boxes and using gunny sacks filled with straw for a mattress. Already he had bedding enough. The Emperor of Germany might have had a softer, and certainly a more elegant bed, but it is extremely doubtful whether he could sleep more soundly than Brocketts on his straw couch.

Other articles of furniture were easily supplied. A shallow soap box of tolerable size set on four uprights properly nailed inside the corners, formed a table of which no boy needed to be ashamed. A smaller box made a comfortable seat. There were two of these, one for Tom, when he should come to see him, and one for himself. The cupboard consisted of a third box partitioned crosswise into shelves and nailed to the wall. In the cor-

ner opposite the bed was a small washstand of the same simple workmanship.

One thing, however, gave a little trouble. What was he going to do for a stove? Now, a stove would be one of the things he could not do without. He had no money with which to buy one, and he could not make it. It was quite possible, though, that a suitable one might be found about the store. He mentioned his difficulty to Walton.

"A stove— a stove, did you say?" he inquired. And taking hold of Brocketts' shoulder in his usual manner pushed him along through the streets of the basement, out into the open air, and into a far corner of the stable. There was the very article in question— a little dirty, to be sure, but apparently in good condition.

"There you are, Brocketts," said Walton, "and plenty of pipes, too. Get Tom to give you a lift with it. My bones are too stiff for that kind of work."

Which Tom generously consented to do.

There is a story somewhere about a newly-married man setting up a stove and using forbidden language in the meantime. There ought to be a story about two boys—even though it was two rather small ones—dragging a stove up a long ladder-like stairway into a barn loft, and *not* swearing—at least, not loud enough to be heard. What tugging and twisting and turning they did! At last, by means of a rope, one end of which girdled the waist of the litle heater and the other of which was held tight in Tom's and Brocketts' hands, the obstinate stove was safely lodged on the tea-matting of the new room.

"It ought to give enough heat now!" observed the sage Tom with a contemptuous look at the stove. But *we* know—you and I—that stoves don't give out heat in exact proportion to the bother they cost to set them up, else most of them would be red hot all the time.

And Brocketts said something to this effect.

"There's a trifling thing you ain't considered, Brocketts," Tom reflected patronizingly, while the two surveyed the situation.

"What's that?"

"Why, there ain't no place for the smoke to go out of!"

And sure enough there wasn't. There was no chimney in the barn, as there ought to be. But the spirit of necessity soon

overcame the difficulty. It was trifling, as Tom had said. The boys cut a hole at the proper distance from the stove, covered the edges with tin, and inserted the pipe into it. Then, by means of a long ladder, they added another elbow and several joints of pipe on the outside, to direct the smoke upward past the high gable.

"Gee! Brocketts, you've got a dandy place!" Tom commented when every thing was finished.

"Now, don't you think I'll ever be manager here?" Brocketts asked, smiling.

"Naw!" exclaimed the skeptical Tom. He could not make sure whether Brocketts was not joking about some day being manager of the Bernstein firm.

"The best thing, though, about this stove," Brocketts went on, "is that I can have a warm dinner whenever I want it, and a lot of different kinds."

"Why, you don't mean to do your eatin' up here?"

"Course I do. Where else could I?"

"What you been eatin' anyhow?"

"Oh, crackers and cheese and bread and molasses and things like that mostly—all cold. But now I can have warm milk whenever I want to, and fry eggs or meat. See?"

Tom not only saw, but stared.

All this work of house cleaning, however, was not done in one day merely. It took several noons and evenings of Brocketts' time, helped magnanimously by the stable boy. But when it *was* done, there grew out of their toil a place in which anybody might be glad to live.

Meantime, Brocketts continued his work in the dark alleyways of the cellar town. Of the first wages he received, which was at the week's end, he invested part in a pair of overalls and a checked jumper. And so he began to look respectable again.

Stage II.—In Which Brocketts Keeps a Sharp Lookout for Red Headed People, and Changes His Mind.

Tom and Brocketts were in the parlor, as they had come to call the cozy apartment in the barn loft. Brocketts was eating his supper, Tom was sitting by the stove. Between them was the table. A cheerful fire sent out a glow into the little room, and

into their hearts as well, through the abundant isinglass so common in heaters of those days; and this glow was increased, in the room at least, by the uncertain flicker that came from a candle with a long snuff that bent over darkly like a weeping willow. Often lately the boys had sat thus of an evening. For Tom had to stay at the stables for some time after the store closed, and he preferred to sit with Brocketts rather than remain alone in the comfortless box of a room which had been set apart in one corner of the barn for the keeper of the horses.

"Tom," said the other, "I've been wanting to ask you a question for a long time." This was only the second week of Brocketts' employment with Mr. Bernstein.

"All right, sir," invited that happy-go-lucky person, "fire away!"

But Brocketts did not fire away. The fact is, he seemed to have some reluctance about broaching the matter. He broke off a piece of soda biscuit, which he had baked that morning in a tin plate on the stove top, and nibbled away at it leisurely. Tom looked into the fire ready for the question.

"Are there any 'Mormons' in this town?" It was out at last.

Tom looked one of his most vacant stares at Brocketts, endeavoring to make out whether he was joking or not. Brocketts was eternally saying things that you could take two or three ways. He could not decide in this case. So he only dodged.

"This ain't a town!" he said.

"Well, what is it then?"

"It's a city—Great Salt Lake City!" This was drawled out with labored emphasis.

"Oh!" Brocketts said. "But you haven't answered my question."

If there had been anything like a decent light in the room, what is to appear in this chapter might be left out—which proves that people may come to grief through not having enough light on a subject. For, in that event, Brocketts could have watched Tom's face and divined the situation. But as there was only a dim candle burning that night, I am compelled to go on with this part of my story.

"Why, yes!" Tom answered at last, "there's a few of 'em here. What d'you want to know for?"

You see, Tom was walking on thin ice, so to speak. He was not sure he understood Brocketts, and so he would draw him out a little.

"I've heard lots about the 'Mormons,' and I thought I'd like to see one if I could without too much risk."

Tom peered again into the other's face, looked once more at the fire, and slapped his leg resoundingly, a broad grin across his countenance.

"What's the matter, Tom?" demanded Brocketts, thinking his visitor had suddenly lost his wits.

But Tom hadn't—he had only just found them.

"And so you've heard a good deal about the 'Mormons'!" Tom repeated, with surprising non-committal. "What did you hear, anyway?"

"A whole lot." And Brocketts related all he had heard on the way from New York to Omaha and at Omaha—the underground passages, the alleged murdering proclivities of the people, and their strange ways of living.

Tom said not a word. Brocketts stuck the prong of his fork deep into the sardine box and brought out a tiny fish, held it an instant suspended above his open mouth, and bit off small pieces till it was gone. Then he said—

"I think I could tell a 'Mormon' if I should see one. They're between a Nigger and an Indian in color, old Palmer told me. Palmer, he was a trapper in the West years ago, and he saw three 'Mormons' once. Still I can't exactly imagine what they look like, though I've seen plenty of Niggers and Indians. But I think I could tell one, though."

"Could you, now?" said Tom. "I'll bet you couldn't!"

"Maybe I couldn't, after all," Brocketts backed down. "I wouldn't bet on it. But I'd like to try. You say there are some 'Mormons' here?"

"A few."

"Well, what're they doing here?"

"Not much of anything just now—at least some of them."

Brocketts had noticed an absence of Tom's usual talkativeness and the general vagueness of his answer, but he attributed it to Tom's not knowing much about the subject. He doubted whether Tom had ever seen a "Mormon," and so he put the question straight to him.

Tom declared most emphatically that he had seen more than one. As, however, he did not name any exact number—a thing he would have done, his friend thought, if he had seen more than one—Brockett laid the whole statement to Tom's natural tendency to brag.

"These 'Mormons' in Salt Lake—how many are there here?" Brocketts asked, breaking off his first thought to put a specific question.

"I don't know exactly." There was that indefiniteness again! "There's more than a dozen, I should say."

"And they're not dangerous, then, are they?"

"No, I touched one's coat once when he was passing."

You did!" Here was a thing to glory in, if it was true.

"I'll take you to see one to-morrow. There's two working in this very store."

This was a piece of news, to be sure. Already Brocketts' eyes were eager for the sight.

"Say, about this Utah, where the 'Mormons' live—how far is it from here?"

Tom wheeled round on his box and nearly keeled off. Either Brocketts was a downright fool or a mighty clever joker. The suspicion crept over Tom that his Eastern friend was guying him. But the whole thing looked so serious that he answered gravely—

"Well, I don't know exactly, but it ain't so very far away."

"A hundred miles?"

"About, though some of it's farther than that."

"It must be a big town, then?"

Town! What was this boy thinking about, anyway. Was he altogether da. But he must keep up the thing now. And so Tom said—

"Very; contains more people than Salt Lake."

The next day at noon the two boys might have been seen walking gingerly through the back way into the store.

"You see them men over there by the end of that counter?"

Brocketts nodded.

"Well, one of them's a 'Mormon.' Guess which."

There was not any of the three with a complexion between that of Negro and Indian. On the contrary, their skin was as white as his own. Brocketts admitted his failure.

"You see that one with fiery red hair? That's him!"

And poor duped Brocketts feasted his eyes.

Now, there are red-haired people and red-haired people, as everybody knows. Some have a dark redness about their top-knots that might be taken, at a distance, to be nothing less than brown. Then there are those with a light redness at which you could warm your hands. And there are all the shades between. The hair that Brocketts was now looking at was the kind that would touch off a match. He had never seen anything quite like this before.

"And I thought the 'Mormons' were a very dark people!" he said with some tinge of disappointment in his voice.

"You see they ain't, though!"

"Yes. And he came from Utah?"

"Guess he did."

"Wonder how many he killed before he came to Salt Lake?"

"Oh, he's too young," Tom explained. "Come on, and I'll show you an old 'un."

The boys were in the clothing department. They went now to the grocery department. Here was a man with as red a head as the first, but well along in years.

"Bet he's got away with *his* share!" commented Brocketts, not intending to infer cannibalistic propensities in him of the light hair.

"Sure! but you can't tell how many. He dassen't kill anybody now, though, cause they'd have him in jail."

"Wonder what tamed him?" Brocketts asked.

But Tom had no information on this point.

All this set Brocketts' curiosity on edge—and his fear as well. And so there were actually "Mormons" in Salt Lake, and he had seen some. How the boys at the Orphanage would envy him the sight. But then at the Orphanage, he recollected, the "Mormons" had never been heard of. Anyhow, he had not heard of them. Like everybody else who hears a thing for the first time he fairly ached to tell somebody else of his strange experience. But he had to be content with keeping things to himself. He ruminated over the matter of the "Mormons," at night and in the daytime. He could scarcely get the thing out of his head. And often, during the next few days, he might have been seen, whenever the opportunity presented, making his way into the store where the fiery-haired persons were serving customers.

Once he saw a red-haired woman come into the place and purchase a long butcher knife, of which she felt the edge.

He told this circumstance to Tom the next day. "Did the 'Mormon' women kill people, too?" he wanted to know.

"Sure!" was the stable-boy's answer; "The women's worse than the men. You don't expect to be killed by a woman, till you know better—and then it's too late. Look out for the women every time."

Three times Brocketts was on the point of mentioning the matter to Mr. Walton and talking it over with him. *He* must have lots of good stories about the "Mormons"—maybe had had some hair-breadth escapes himself. But Brocketts thought better of it and said nothing to him about the episode. Not because he had the least suspicion that Mr. Walton was a "Mormon." Bald on the top, Mr. Walton had only a fringe of hair round the lower part of his head. But that was gray and not red. So there could be no doubt about *his* religion.

But Brocketts *did* make up his mind not to go out on the streets any more at night.

A few evenings after this he was siting at supper in his room. Tom came in.

"Well, how's tricks?" inquired the stable-boy.

Brocketts said nothing.

Tom took his seat as usual before the fire. "What's the matter?" he said, "Sick?"

"You're a skunk, Tom—a mean skunk!" was the answer.

"A skunk! Well, now, I didn't know that."

"Well, you are, just the same! And I've got a good notion to pound you into a mummy."

"If you *kin*, you ought to say!" Tom retorted.

"I feel mad enough to, anyhow."

"And what do you want to pound me for? What have I been doing to *you?*"

"You've told me a lot of lies about your own people!"

This was what Tom had been expecting ever since that other night. The only wonder about it was, that Brocketts hadn't found out the truth sooner. But he was fortified for the blow, for he said in great astonishment—

"What, me?"

"Yes, you!"

"And just what lie did I tell you?" Tom demanded.

"You told me the 'Mormons' were all red-headed."

"I showed you a 'Mormon' that was red-headed! That's all."

"But how did I get the idea that all the 'Mormons' were red-headed?"

"Where you got the idea that Utah was a town, I guess, and where you got the idea that Utah was somewhere else! You can't point out a single lie I told you."

"Maybe that's so in one way," admitted Brocketts, "but you lied just the same!"

"I guess that's so, too," Tom conceded. "How could a feller help it, though? I never got a chance like that before."

"It was a good one on me, sure! What did you think of me, anyway—that I was a fool?"

"Well, I didn't know. Once I thought you was guying me, but I changed my mind when you was so glad I was goin' to show you a 'Mormon.' I was goin' to tell you the straight of it some day. How did you catch on, anyhow?"

"I talked the matter over with Dudley Brown last night, and he told me the truth, instead of lying."

"Dudley's a fine fellow," Tom conciliated. "He's got a good education."

"He told me all about the 'Mormons'. Salt Lake's in Utah, and this whole country was settled by the Latter-day Saints. I always thought the 'Mormons' were wicked and had underground passages where they dropped folks they wanted to get rid of. What a fool I was!"

"How on earth did you get such notions? I never heard of them before."

"I got 'em from people who said they knew," returned Brocketts. "But, it seems, they either didn't know or they lied. Dudley says they sometimes lie about the 'Mormons,' mostly for money. He told me he had an aunt that had to take off her bonnet in the train once to prove that she hadn't any horns! I think it's downright wicked for people to lie about others like that. Now, I heard the most dreadful things about Brigham Young, and Dudley says they're all lies! Say, did you ever see Brigham Young?"

"Hundreds of times. I'll take you to the tabernacle some

Sunday so's you c'n hear him preach. What religion do you belong to, Brocketts?"

"Catholic. I guess there aren't any Catholics in Salt Lake, are there?"

"I've not heard of Catholics here. There must be some, though, 'cause there's Methodists and Baptists and Lutherans and Presbyterians; and so there must be Catholics. But you'd better go to our church, it's better'n any of the others. I don't know as much about it as I mean to some day, but Dudley knows. You talk with him."

Brocketts promised, and the two separated for the night—Tom glad that the thing had not resulted worse for him, for he expected I don't know what to happen when the secret transpired, Brocketts rather surprised that his anger could be so easily be appeased. But repentance in the other fellow always took him off his guard, anyway.

(To be Continued)

Interesting Stories.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY GEORGE D. KIRBY.

V.—Old Age.

"Old age, especially an honored old age, has so great authority that this is of more value than all the pleasures of youth."—Cicero.

There is much profitless talk just now in the country about age as a bar to employment. In mere manual labor when a man is really physically enfeebled by age, it is a bar that cannot be overcome. In the industrial world it has become accepted that a man is too old at forty, and the London (Eng.) county council works decided a year or so ago not to engage men over thirty-five. Despite all the evidences of precocity, Mr. Dorland arrives at a conclusion which in the intellectual world gives an average of fifty for the master work of great men. But it should not be. The old are needed to "teach the young idea how to shoot." There is a place for Nestor, even in an army, as well as for Hector.

Youth has its advantages, and age has its own, and the old head on young shoulders is too great a rarity to depend on for the running of the business of the world. But it is noticeable that the cry for "young blood," once more prevalent even than now, comes mostly from lips that are old. "It is a crime to be old," said one old man caustically to another who had refused him employment on that account—"unless one is an employer."

The question, "Which is the happiest season of life?" being referred to an aged man, he replied: "When spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think 'How beautiful is spring'; and when the summer comes and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, 'How beautiful is summer.' When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, 'How beautiful is autumn.' And when it is sere winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches as I never could until now, and see the stars shine."

VI.—A Happy Home.

A happy home is the brightest spot on earth that the eye of God looks down upon. Love and peace in his home sends sunshine around the man wherever he goes; disorder and trouble there, misery is everywhere. There are few worries of life which a man cannot now and then shake off, but who can shake himself free from the skeleton in the closet, from the worry of the household, a blister on the heart. A day will tell how many a man carried that with him without wincing down to the grave. When husband and wife are helpmates to each other in the best sense; when order and love and goodness prevail in the house, then the man who has a hard battle in life to fight can leave his struggles behind him when he enters there. With all our faults we are the most home-loving of people, and that is the reason why we are the greatest of people. Whatever helps home life is a national blessing; what hurts home life is a national curse, and the greatest curse that can touch these blessings is what would tamper with the peace and blessedness of our homes.

Sugar City, Idaho.

Why I Became a "Mormon"

Testimony of a South Australian Convert

BY A. SCRYMGOUR.

It seems to me only reasonable to expect that anyone uniting himself to an organization of any kind should be able to give a reason for selecting that particular one in preference to others, of a somewhat similar nature, and I propose explaining, in as concise a maner as possible, why I, after being in close touch with religious people up to the age of fifty-five without joining any church should, at that time of life, decide that my place was in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

First as to my early life. My parents were good, Godly people who, I sincerely believe, lived up to the light they possessed. Father was a deacon in the Congregational church, and mother was a recognized leader in all the women's work of the church. There were five of us brothers, I being the youngest. We were carefully brought up, and our minds were stored with scripture knowledge; but, of course, from the point of view of the church to which our parents belonged—though I must say they were more liberal minded than most, and in many respects better than their creed. My four brothers as they came of an age to decide for themselves all joined the same church, and I attended the services and Bible class regularly, until I was eighteen years of age, and then, as I went to sea for some years, the church and I parted company. No doubt the question will be asked, "What prevented you from becoming a church member, as your bothers had done?" I can hardly give a satisfactory answer, except that it seemed to me in a vague sort of way that the God of the churches was not the God of the Bible; and that the scope of the plan of salvation was too narrow and limited, considering the price at which it had been carried out. At that time I could not have put my difficulty into words, but with the light which the Holy Spirit has given me in the evening of life, I can now see that God was in some way preventing me from uniting myself with the church, there being something better in store for me. At

the age of twenty-four I married, and, strange to say, my wife had experienced the same difficulty as myself in attempting to harmonize the creed of her church (the Church of England) with the scriptures; and at last we discontinued the use of both church and Bible in despair. So there we were, at the age of twenty-five, stranded on the rocks of doubt, having plenty of Biblical knowledge, but no religion, and no one, as far as we could see, able to help us. We were just in the same predicament as the Ethiopian Eunuch when Philip asked him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" His reply was, "How can I, except some man should guide me?"

About six years after my marriage, I went to South Africa where my wife joined me later. After some ups and downs, we found ourselves in Bloemfontein, in what was called then the Orange Free State. Here we fell in with the Salvation Army, and joined it, thinking we had found a religion at last with some life and energy in it. But after some time we found that though the army was doing a good work among the poor and reaching those whom the churches seemed unable to deal with, their creed, as far as they had any, was unscriptural, and the ordinances instituted in the primitive church were entirely ignored.

Eventually, after seven years of soldiership, we drifted away from the army, through our ideas clashing with theirs, and found ourselves in practically the same position we were in seven years before, belonging to nothing, and not knowing where to turn for instruction.

One day, on returning from business, my wife showed me some tracts which had been slipped under the door. They were *The only True Gospel,* and one or two others. I may here mention that although I had never come in contact with any Latter-day Saints I knew who they were, as my father had among his books a *History of the Mormons,* but who the author was I do not remember.

The same evening that we received the tracts, my wife and I called on the elders whose names were stamped on the leaflets (Simpkins and Griffiths), and were kindly received by them, and were so much interested in what they told us that we spent about three hours in their company, and when we left had received a very favorable impression of "Mormons" and "Mormonism." The elders were made free in our house, and during the next

seven years, during which many elders came and went, we studied the gospel. During all this time if there had been anything wrong with the men or their mission, I should most certainly have found it out. But I was satisfied that I had found a genuine article at last, and decided that the teachings of these much abused people were true, that I would be one of them, and that their God should be my God. My wife and I were baptized in the Nahoon river by Elder Alger, and a few months after I was ordained a teacher.

Nearly two years ago we returned to Adelaide. Since my arrival here I have been advanced to the office of priest, my son and daughter have joined the Church of their own free will, and the former has been ordained a deacon. When I look back over the past years and see the way the Lord has led me, I can but say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Now what did I see in the teachings of this particular Church which attracted me, while those of other churches repelled me? In the first place, their conception of God was one that my reason and faith could accept. A God without body, parts, or passions I could not conceive of, but a God with a bodily presence, in whose image we were made, and who was our Father in reality, and not in a mystical sense, was something that took hold of me. He was a being that I could worship, one who could understand me, and not a mysterious, indefinite vapor, diffused throughout the universe. Then again the all-embracing scope of the restored gospel swept the floor clean of all those narrow limitations of its saving efficacy, which in my opinion are so dishonoring to God and Christ.

Next I found that the necessity of the ordinances, as established by Christ and his apostles, was insisted on. This I considered quite reasonable, as, if they were not essential, the Savior would not have taught them. His time was too precious to waste in things that were a matter of indifference. Again, the common sense teaching agreed with the exact word of scripture regarding the need of proper authority, and the retaining of those officers which were found in the primitive church. And throughout all the beliefs of the Saints there is felt the underlying truth, that God means what he says, and it is not for us with our finite minds to alter and twist his words to suit our purposes.

I rejoice that I can testify to the truth of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ, and to my heart-felt conviction that the man Joseph Smith, who was the instrument in God's hands in opening the last dispensation, is indeed a prophet of the Lord, in just as full and complete a sense as Isaiah or Jeremiah.

Should this sketch of my experience in my search after the truth catch the eye of any of the elders who were in the South African mission, up to the end of 1909, I would be pleased to hear from them, at the address given below.

GLADSTONE ROAD, MILE END, ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

One Everlasting Grip.

If you're ever 'bout to do a thing
That isn't "on the square,"
And you try hard to avoid it,
But give up in deep despair,
That's the time to score a victory
On yourself, right then and there;
That's the time to prove your mettle,
Thats' the place to show your "nip,"
If you'll gather all your forces
In one everlasting grip.

If you're ever swayed by anger,
And you're 'bout to give it vent
In some ill-considered phrases
That ere long you will repent,
But you feel the passion rising,
And you simply can't relent;
When you say deep in your bosom,
"I can't help it—let 'er rip,"
Ere you yield, just test your power
In one everlasting grip.

If some morbid thought comes knocking
At the portals of your soul,
And you're 'bout to let it enter
To assume complete control,
Ere you do it, just consider
How to hold that thought at bay,
How to summon all your manhood
And to have your sovereign way;
Will you try it? Here's the secret—
You can get it on the hip,
If you'll gather all your forces
In one everlasting grip.

LOUIS W. LARSEN

LEWISTON, UTAH.

Little Problems of Married Life*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

VIII—Little Compromises That Make for Happiness.

This life of ours is a constant series of compromises, of concessions, of surrenders of what we hold dearest, and acceptances of what seems second best. That for which we have nobly struggled may fail us and we find what consolation we can among the wreckage of our hope. We make sacrifices of our desires on the altar of expediency; we pocket our pride in the interest of our purse; we smile over present loss in the hope of possible future gain. We travel along the line of ambition by slow freight when we had fondly dreamed of whizzing through on the "limited." We surrender at the Waterloo of a hope and bravely look to regaining at the next battle. We bow to custom while we inwardly rebel at the obeisance. We play at battledore between fear of the world on the one hand and approval of conscience on the other.

It is compromise, sacrifice, paying tribute, placating power, making terms with the inevitable—compromise with some one, something, some system. Sometimes it is involuntary; sometimes under protest, with the same variety of cheerfulness we manifest when we surrender our watch to a highwayman. Some of these compromises are unjust, unwise, cowardly; some are necessary.

There is one place where the spirit of compromise has only its beautiful side—that is, the home. In the home where we can turn a key and lock our world in and the smaller world out, compromise reaches its highest dignity. It is love manifesting itself in kindness, thoughtfulness, tenderness, forbearance and self-surrender. Love makes such compromise an instinct of the soul. It is as inseparable from real love as perfume is from the rose that exhales it. Compromise, in its true sense, is settling differences by mutual concessions. To be real it must ever be mutual. If the sprit of compromise be ever on the part of the husband

only or the wife only, it is unjust. It then means absolute selfishness on the part of one, stimulated and intensified by the unselfishness of the other. It makes a Dead Sea of love wherein the waters of affection flow without issuance—constant assessments with no dividends.

If marriage meant the wedding of a saint and an angel there would be no problems to solve, no perfection to attain, no progress to make. This may be why there are said to be no marriages in heaven. On earth, except in the pages of fiction, it is different; husband and wife are usually strongly human. Not matter how lovingly united or how sweet their accord, they never have the same temperaments, tendencies and tastes. Their needs are different, their manner of looking at things is not identical, and in varying ways their individualities assert themselves. Concession is merely a buffer or spring in the home machinery. It eases the jolts, lessens the friction, distributes the strain, reduces the wear and tear, prevents each part from injuring itself or another. Concession in the home is the fine diplomacy of the heart. It is delicate self-adjustment to the individuality of another. It is self-sacrifice in trifles without sacrifice of priciples.

A man who before marriage used to write his initials fourteen times on an evening dance-card may, after attaining the dignity of husbandhood, claim he is too tired to go into society, too wearied to go to entertainments or to make calls, though his wife may still desire to see her old friends and to keep alive some of the wires connecting the home with the outside world. Here is an opportunity for a compromise, for him to realize that the pleasures of both are to be considered, that a graceful surrender occasionally to her desire is but equity. If he do it under visible protest, *with the disguised cheerfulness of one going to the dentist's*, he has killed the merit of his compromise.

If she feel that during the whole evening away from home he is suffering the orthodox after-death fate of the wicked, he has spoiled it all, wrecked the pleasure of both. He should make her radiant in the thought that he has been glad to do it if it gave her a little change and extra happiness. His deference to her wishes will stimulate in her a desire to reciprocate, to make some sweet little sacrifice for him and never let him know how much it may cost her.

There may be some simple dress of hers that he loves to have her wear. It has memories or associations or something else that pleases him. She knows it does not fit well in the back, and that the sleeves are actually two seasons behind the times, and no one wears them that way now. He maybe in blissful ignorance of the awfulness of a woman daring to defy fashion, but at home, some rainy night, when no one will make a call, it really would not hurt much if she were sweetly to put on this dress unexpectedly —just to please him. Little compromises and concessions make up much of the poetry of married life; standing ever squarely on one's rights constitute its prose.

At any critical moment if both express, at the same time, a desire to defer to the other's taste, the result is foreordained for happiness. This makes matrimony not merely union, but unison and unity; it makes it a duet rather than two solos. Matrimony is not a game of chess where one must be victor; it more resembles true conversation where the pleasure arises from the united contributions. In the choice of a home, in the matter of furnishing, in the question of servants, in the management of the household, occur daily little problems that seem to solve themselves in the spirit of compromise, of quietly talking matters over, of gentle conference of two, working to the attainment of a common aim and a single ideal. These, after all, are only questions of taste and of judgment; often more subtle and vital are those problems that relate to temperament.

Sometimes a word of impatience may bring its echoing reply in the same spirit to the lips of the other, but a second's firmness, just a momentary self-control, an instant's translation of the thought into another key, of sweetness and sympathy, and the desecrating discord has been passed in safety. Sometimes, too, a silence of gentle reproof may be oil of compromise on the troubled waters.

Most of the surrenders in married life are in trifles where it really makes no difference which surrenders. The great questions, the large problems, usually unfold all their phases under the sunshine of conference, and the issue is the dual wisdom in a single verdict which is unanimous. If the matter be vital and the jury of two cannot agree on a verdict, then it seems part of the wisdom of compromise for the one who is the abler judge of what is proper and fitting in the special instance to decide the moment-

ous question with the force of a final vote.

There are occasionally topics of conversation upon which the two cannot agree, where the husband or the wife feels the rightness or wrongness of a certain subject with an intensity that seems to brook no opposition. It may be as far outside the field of logic as the most distant star is beyond the solar system—then what is the use of trying to put new life into a dead issue by discussion? When the signs "Thin ice" are conspicuous, it really might seem like prudence to confine the conversational skating nearer to the shore line. Argument in general is dangerous, and often a graceful dropping of the subject is a kindly admission that there may be two sides to the question.

Do you not think we often expect too much of those who are dear to us and that this very exaggeration may often render us unjust? The optimistic effort to make the best of things, to look as closely as possible on the sunny side of life and its problems, to keep away from needless worry and useless regret will do much towards lubricating the wheels of the domestic regime. It is a talent worthy of cultivation in the home—the special ability not to see certain little inharmonies that may adjust themselves if they are unnoted.

The spirit of compromise does not demand a continuous performance in the way of self-surrender and self-sacrifice; it does not require ceasing to be a voice and becoming an echo; it does not imply or justify any loss of individuality. It means simply the instinctive recognition of the best way out of a difficulty, the quickest tacking to avoid a collision, the kindly view of tolerance in the presence of the weakness and errors of another. It is the courage to meet an explanation half-way, the generosity to be the first to apologize for a discord, the largeness of mind that does not fear a sacrifice of dignity in surrendering in the interests of the highest harmony of two rather than the personal vanity of one. The spirit of compromise rolls away many of the stones from the pathway of love and happiness.

("Providing for the Future" is the title of the next article in this series.)

The Church and the Lottery

BY MILTON BENNION, PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY,
UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

Any form of gambling has a great fascination for the ordinary human mind. Savages become addicted to the habit as readily as Chinese become opium fiends. There are perhaps two main reasons why games of chance are so attractive. One is the desire to get something valuable for nothing, an immoral development of property instinct; the other is the desire for excitement, something to keep the nervous system in a high state of tension. The latter type of desire is also manifest in the popularity of any sort of thrilling contest or exhibition—prize fight, bull fight, or any spectacular and apparently dangerous performance. When well developed, the desire for something of this sort becomes a mental disease.

In the history of European people, since the time of the Roman Emperor, Augustus, the lottery has been one of the most common forms of appealing to the gambling instinct. The practice is said to have developed under Augustus in his custom "of distributing at his feasts sealed pockets, similar in appearance, but containing orders for articles of very different values"—a practice akin to the modern fish pond, so popular with children. Since Roman times, the lottery has frequently been used by governments as a means of raising money to build churches, colleges, and charitable institutions.

The practice was very popular in America in the eighteenth century. Nearly a century ago, however, there came a powerful reaction against this practice. It was prohibited by law in England and France, before the middle of the nineteenth century. In America it was made illegal by one state after another, until it is now practically wiped out as a legalized activity. Late in the nineteenth century the Federal government gave the practice a hard blow by forbidding the use of the mails by lottery companies. The matter was discussed by Benjamin Harrison in one of his

messages to Congress, in no uncertain language, as the following quotations will show:

> The people of all the states are debauched and defrauded.* * * * * The use of the mails by these companies is a prostitution of an agency only intended to serve the purposes of a legitimate trade and a decent intercourse. * * * * * *
>
> It is not necessary, I am sure, for me to attempt to portray the robbery of the poor, and the widespread corruption of public and private morals which are necessary incidents of these lottery schemes.'

In more recent times, other forms of gambling have flourished from time to time, such as cards, bookmaking on horse races, roulette wheels, pools, pots, and what not, all of which have been prohibited by law in many states of the Union. In American cities the suppression of gambling is always one of the hardest problems of the police department. The suppression of candy raffles, and other forms of the gamling art that appeal to children, is now one of the problems of the Juvenile court. Thus far, these officers of the law have, apparently, assumed that they had need only to watch the saloons and gambling resorts for instances of violation of the law. Recently some attention has been given to some of the merchants, but it remains yet to enforce the law in the churches. Or shall the churches claim a monopoly of this vice? Shall they alone be exempt from prosecution in order that they may reap a few dollars with which to reclaim the souls they by this means tend to corrupt? Can an institution whose chief business it is to save souls afford to resort to any means the tendency of which is to destroy souls?

It is perhaps needless to say, as an item of news, that there has been a recent epidemic of church fairs, a marked characteristic of which has been an appeal to the gambling instinct in some form. Raffling, guessing games with chances to win or lose, and betting on contests, are symptoms characteristic of the malady. To these may be added penny votes for queen, or for the most popular lady; or possibly some other scheme to get money out of people who, persumably, are otherwise unwilling to donate to the church.

In denfense of these practices, it is sometimes said that the money is not given because of the gambling element involved, or the appeal to vanity in the voting contest, but simply as a donation to the church, or to charity. If this were the case it would be

good buisness policy to collect the money directly as donations, and sell, on business principles, the articles donated to the fair. This would bring, in the aggregate, more money than is raised by the methods described above. The fact that objectionable methods are used is practically an admission that appeal is made to the gambling instinct in order to increase the revenues. If this is legitimate on the ground that the end justifies the means, it must be noted, in the first place, that the managers of the fair are looking at the wrong end—placing money above character; the latter is valuable as an end, the former is only a means. But, from another point of view, should we accept the justification offered, what is the logical consequence? Might not the money harvest be increased by dispensing intoxicants at the fair? This would doubtless attract the saloon element who, under the stimulus of wine as well as games of chance, would readily part with their coins.

We do not question the motives of those responsible for the methods so frequently used at church fairs. We think, however, that in their efforts to raise money they have failed to see the possible consequence of the methods employed. When children are urged at the fair to do things that parents warn them against, or absolutely forbid, there is produced an estranged relation between the church and the home, instead of mutual support in the great problem of moral and religious education. In the long run this is bound to count against the church. It tends to drive away the support that is of most worth to the church. And, if the games of chance attract to the church young people who would not otherwise come, what has it done for them? Is the influence of the games leading to the spiritual life, or to something quite the reverse?

A GLIMPSE OF ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA

The Birthplace of the Bard of Avon

BY SHIRLEY PENROSE JONES

There is a story in the *Arabian Nights* of a wonderful carpet and, so the story goes, whoever rested upon it could, by merely expressing the desire, be transported to where fancy directed. In this twentieth century age of matter-of-fact prosaicness one may have an experience equally delightful and romantic, with the added enjoyment of being carried back along the trail of time into the dim and charming past. The magical carpet may, in this instance, be substituted by a fast express train that, with desecrating haste and impatient cough, transports us ages back to the numerous old-world towns and villages of England, arousing in startled surprise these venerable spots from the lethargy which progress has failed to disturb. One of the most interesting of all these villages is Stratford-upon-Avon, the birthplace of England's revered poet—Shakespeare, and it is there we shall turn our eyes for a passing glimps.

Lying, as it does, in the heart of an interesting and romantic country of green fields, sweet meadows and quaint old legends, Stratford has a location alike charming and appropriate. Situated on the banks of the Avon, which is nothing more than a tranquil stream, it looks on every side upon the simple, yet lovely, scenery of rural England. We feel at once that no other place in the world could have been so suitable for the birthplace of the great poet, whose kindly philosophy has entranced the world, as this sober, retiring village.

Among our first impressions of the place is one of quietude. The very wind seems to blow more softly that it may not disturb the spirit of repose. Have you ever entered a church just as the last strains of an anthem are dying away among the echoes while the congregation is listening hushed and silent? It so, you have an idea of the influence Statford-on-Avon had over us, one beautiful summer day not long since.

With minds fully resolved to temporarily cast aside our material bodies, and permit our spirits to wander at will through

the halls of memory, now let us lift the curtain of past years and begin our tour of inspection. But we are doomed to disappointment. For no sooner are we thus resolved than our rose-colored picture of bygone days is shattered, and with a rush back comes the twentieth century upon us in the form of a shrieking motor car, whose tooting horn and grinding brake frighten antiquity away. We realize with a sigh that Stratford-on-Avon is not so antique as we imagined. So, like martyrs that we are, we shall join a party of tourists, composed largely of Americans, and visit the various places of interest. It may be remarked here that during the summer months the village is nearly owned by Americans, so we may feel perfectly at home and quite prepared for an instructive day, during our pilgrimage.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

This cottage is situated at Shottery, about one mile west of Stratford. Here in this picturesque, half-timbered building, with a thatched roof, was born Anne Hathaway, who in 1582 was married to Shakespeare. They had three children. Anne survived her husband about seven years and was buried beside him in Holy Trinity Church.

About one mile to the west, in the little village of Shottery, is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, wife of the poet. It is a farm house of the Elizabethan period and its old fashioned thatched roof is in keeping with the general aspect of the place. We go inside and examine the different rooms, so carefully preserved by loving hands.

In the kitchen is a big open fireplace where the Hathaway family were wont, on cold winter evenings, to sit listening to the

logs crackle as the flames roared up the chimney. This chimney is a huge affair, for the three of us may stand abreast, upright in it, and see the blue sky through the aperture above. Of course we inspect the furniture, pottery, and other articles more or less intimately associated with the cottage, while the ladies try to deceive each other, and themselves, with their knowledge of antiquity, and the men endeavor to look interested as they murmur, "most remarkable."

From Shottery we return to Stratford, through the fields where Shakespeare kept tryst with his lady love, and visit the birth-place of the poet. It is formed of two houses communicating with each other. In the one we first enter, Shakespeare was born and spent his childhood, the other was used by his father as a storehouse for farm produce in which he traded. The rooms of the birth-house are almost barren of furniture, but in the two rooms of the other are various and sundry articles so antique and interesting that the hearts of collectors must yearn for their possession. Among the most interesting and valuable are original legal documents certifying the purchase by the poet of land and property in or near the town; original quarto editions of the *Merchant of Venice,* a *Midsummer Night's Dream,* and *King Lear,* all published in Shakespeare's life time, and a gold ring engraven with the poet's initials, and known as "Shakespeare's Ring." In the upper room an original drawing, by Guilio Romano, whom Shakespeare mentions in *The Winter's Tale* Act V, scene 2, line 106 as, "that rare Italian Master," is among the chief objects of interest. There are so many more that we must omit mention of them, and we now ascend the steep, narrow stairway to the upper room, where the poet was born. The ceiling here is beginning to sag with the weight of years and supports are necessary to hold it in place. Before a register was provided, visitors signed their names on the walls, windows and ceiling and we read the names of many celebrated characters inscribed on these novel registers. If memory serves me right it is on one of the windows that we read the name of Sir Walter Scott. At the back of the house is a pretty garden in which are planted trees, plants and flowers mentioned in the poet's works.

Not far from the birth-place are foundations of the house in which Shakespeare died, 1616. The house itself was pulled down at an early date and only the foundations remain. The garden

at the back of these remains is part of the poet's great garden, and on the central lawn is planted a mulberry tree; a slip of the famous tree is said to have been planted by Shakespeare, in 1609. All of these places, thus far mentioned, were purchased by the nation by public subscription, and are carefully preserved, as nearly as possible in their original state.

There are many other places of interest in Stratford-upon-Avon, such as Harvard House, home of the wife of John Har-

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Among the most famous and most visited places in England. Here, April 23, 1564, was born the greatest poet and dramatist the world has ever seen. On the premises is now a museum of Shakespearean relics. Shakespeare died at New Place, in the town, on his birthday, 1616.

vard, founder of Harvard university; the grammar school, and guild hall, where Shakespeare was educated and where he first saw one of his plays produced. Also the residence of Marie Corelli, the famous novelist, and the memorial theatre, a large Gothic building erected upon the river banks.

But, possibly, the most charming and delightful of all is the old Trinity church, where lie the mortal remains of the bard. It is cruciform with a slight deflection said to represent the drooping of our Lord's head upon the cross. Inside sacred music is played on a sweet toned organ, and we viewed the graves of the poet and his wife, as they lie side by side, still and cold, with almost reverential awe. The sun filters through beautiful stained glass windows and is so softened that it makes an atmosphere of

shadowy solitude. Outside in the graveyard we wander among the mossgrown tombstones along the bank of the passive river. The hearts of all are touched by the influence of the spot. Serenely the Avon flows on its way, never heeding the petty trials or troubles of us humans, but fulfiling its destiny to soothe the aching hearts of men with an example of unruffled tranquility.

As a fitting finale to the days entertainment, what can be more appropriate than witnessing a production of one of the great dramatist's plays in the theatre dedicated to his memory. A special London company performs during the summer months, so we may have the impressions of the day sealed upon us by enjoying the work of the man in whose honor we are assembled. Between the acts we wander beneath a dark summer sky through the grounds connected with the theatre, music, faintly heard from within the edifice, mingles with the gentle murmur of the river and the indistinct voices of other strollers, combining to make us realize the moving power of God.

In conclusion we will say that the charm of Stratford-upon-Avon lies not in the buildings associated with the poet's life, not in sticks and stones, although they lend assistance, but rather in the spirit of these scenes and places; the knowledge that here was born and died one whose portrait is prominently hung in the galleries of distinction—the greatest dramatist and poet England has ever known.

HULL, ENGLAND.

The Burst of Light

The dawn approaches, and the shadows fade away.
From dismal depths there bursts a flood of radiant light.
The sun climbs swiftly upward, and the new-born day
Dispels the darkness and the ugly mists of night.

Thus, from the gloom of ignorance, a truth may spring;
Its light resplendent lighting up some murky sky!
And one of us full well a sun might be, to bring
The welcome ray of truth that lights and cannot die.

LE ROY LEISHMAN.

LOGAN, UTAH.

Reminiscences of the Salt Lake Theatre

The Barber Shop and Scene Painter's Gallery—Sidelights upon the Pioneers and Worshippers of Thalia, Clio and Melpomene

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HEBER J. GRANT. PEN SKETCHES BY GEORGE M. OTTINGER

Introduction.

I read with keenest interest the article by Alfred Lambourne in the *Deseret News* of Saturday, December 30, entitled, "Reminiscences of the Old Salt Lake Theatre," and if this article shall appeal to readers of the *Era* half as much as it did to me, I should like to see it reproduced.

One of the things which stamped President Brigham Young a great man, in my estimation, was that he not only took great interest in the spiritual welfare of his people, but also in the temporal, for he established a savings bank, a co-operative store, and built the Salt Lake Theatre. I recall that when Gen. Lew Wallace, the celebrated author of *Ben Hur* and *The Prince of India,* was in Salt Lake some years ago, the then manager of the theatre asked if he would like to meet the President of the "Mormon" Church, and his answer was, "No." He afterwards said he knew that the prominent men who were connected with the early rise of the Church came from New England, and he thought they were a narrow, bigoted, sectarian lot. After the manager had shown him through Zion's Co-operative store, Zion's Savings Bank building, taken him to hear the organ in the great Tabernacle, and accompanied him to the theatre; and the General learned that Brigham Young established the store, and the Bank, and had the theatre and the tabernacle built, he requested to be introduced to the President of the Church. I learned from the late President John Henry Smith that after his visit here until the day of his death General Wallace was always a great admirer

of the Latter-day Saints. He made some very flattering remarks about the breadth of mind of the Churchman who had established a co-operative store, a savings bank, and built a theatre and a tabernacle. He considered that such a man was entitled to be called a statesman.

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

There were so many thoughts and recollections arose in my mind, as I read the scenic artist's article on the theater, that I am sure I could fill many pages of the *Era*, were I to record a tithe of them. Speaking of the "barber shop" reminds me of the barber, John Squires, that pleasant, genial man who was everybody's favorite, and who for many years conducted a shop on Main street. "The watchman who sits implacable as fate," was William Derr, a man whom everybody liked, and whose son, George Derr, years afterwards became treasurer of the Salt Lake Theatre. The "portly man" referred to, was the late President George A. Smith. As a broad-minded statesman and a man who took interest in everything tending to the uplifting of the community, he stood second only to Brigham Young. It seems very proper that he should make a speech "in praise of peace," and very appropriate that he should be the father of our late, well-beloved President, John Henry Smith, one of the greatest peace-makers and lovers of mankind I ever knew.

"The actor" who was to impersonate "Sir Giles Overreach," was David McKenzie, and I can remember as a boy how he was my ideal hero, for he always played the heroic parts. I can also remember how I looked upon the late lamented Al. Thorne as a

villain, as he always assumed this role. In after years, when I found what a genial, wholesouled man Al. was, I awakened to the fact that the stage often gives wrong impressions to the youth.

Miss Sara Alexander was the "premeir danseuse," and is still alive; her home is in New York, I believe. I, too, remember her "merry eyes and infectious laugh."

THE SALT LAKE THEATRE.

In which was celebrated the 50th anniversary of its opening, March 8, 1912.

The "young lady," "charming, vivacious, petite," who was the admiration of all the boys who attended the theatre in those early days, was Miss Aseneth Adams, the mother of the renowned actress, Maud Adams. The "judge" referred to, who was to perform the marriage ceremony for the scenic artist, was the father of Manager George D. Pyper, the late Alexander Pyper. Those of us who knew the father do not think it strange that George D., his son, is such a pleasant, genial, companionable fellow—how can he help it? He was born that way.

The "blind poet" was our late, well-beloved, Henry W. Naisbitt, who wrote that sweet poem, "Rest, rest, on the hillside, rest." The music for this poem was written on the spur of the moment, for the funeral of the late President Joseph Young, father of President Seymour B. Young, by the "orchestra director," George Careless, who also wrote the funeral march for the great pioneer, President Brigham Young. A party once remarked to Horace G. Whitney, "I understand that, musically, George Careless is now considered a back number." Mr. Whitney, than whom there is no better dramatic and musical critic, answered as quick as a flash, "The man who wrote the music for the song, "Rest, rest, on the hillside, rest," will never be a back number in music."

The "counselor" who walked with Brigham Young, was the late, well-beloved, President Daniel H. Wells. I have always been grateful that he was one of those who had a box, or more properly speaking, "a seat," in the old theatre, because I occasionally was one of its occupants, being counted in as a member of the family, an honor which, in after years, became a reality. I am sure, too, that some of my children will ever be proud of being entitled to refer to him as grandfather.

The "first governor," namely, Heber M. Wells, not only made a magnificent record as the State of Utah's first executive, for nine years, but he is considered by myself and many others as one of the best, if not the best local actor that Utah has yet produced.

The "tall boy," the carrier of water to the upper circle, for the privilege of getting in, was your humble servant, and when the thirsty crowd in the third circle emptied the five-gallon coal oil can used as a water bucket, and I had to walk across the road to the nearest well, beyond the Social Hall, to refill it, I often wished that the "gods of the galleries" had filled up on water before they reached the theatre. Years later, when I was the president of the Salt Lake Theatre Company, and sat in my box and gazed up to the third gallery, I frequently thought of the "tall boy" who carried water to that section, and my mind went back to the time when he, too, appeared on the stage of the Salt Lake Theatre, as one of the pickaninnies in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It hardly seems possible that before this article goes to print, performances will have been given, celebrating the 50th anniversary

of the opening of the Salt Lake Theatre. It seems but a short year since I, as a child, saw the building completed.

There are many others not mentioned by Mr. Lambourne, whose connection with the Salt Lake Theatre is very vivid to me, and I will mention a few: Hiram B. Clawson; Phil Margetts; Jimmie Hardy, afterwards a celebrated actor in England; John T. Caine, subsequently our delegate to Congress; John C. Graham, the founder of the *Provo Inquirer;* and my mother's and my much beloved friend, Henry Maiben.

These and a thousand other recollections come to my mind upon perusing Mr. Lambourne's article. I again express the hope that his "reminescences" may give your readers half as much pleasure as they gave me, and if so, they will thank you for reproducing them.

HEBER J. GRANT.

Reminiscences

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

Thought, you said, Well, my friend, I hope that in this letter you will find something to suggest to your imagination the faith, the ambition, the hopes, the fears, the mistakes, the disappointments, the triumphs of the pioneers. I have reason to think of my schoolroom, of the ethics I was taught upon the scene painter's galley of the play house that I laud.

"The thing done avails," said Landor, "and not what is said about it." Being of that same opinion, I always around the playhouse took a greater interest in the happenings, those that affected real life and helped to shape events, than in the plays or in the actors themselves. Upon the scene painter's galley I digested strong food. Sometimes the scenes I beheld were comic, sometimes tragic, sometimes they were blended, for Thalia will not always make her exit when enters Melpomene. But tonight my reminiscences are of the barber shop.

The barber shop? What was that? you will ask. Well, the barber shop, my friend, was one of the many features which once made the historic theater so complete. In the early days the playhouse was as well equipped for all demands as is an ocean-going ship. There were the green room, band room, property room, carpenter's shop, scene painter's galley, manager's room, proprietor's room, costume rooms and others. But, of course,

the barber shop was unique. There the rough, the unclipt and unshaven actor could be made smooth-faced, by the artist, and made ready for his part, whatever it might be.

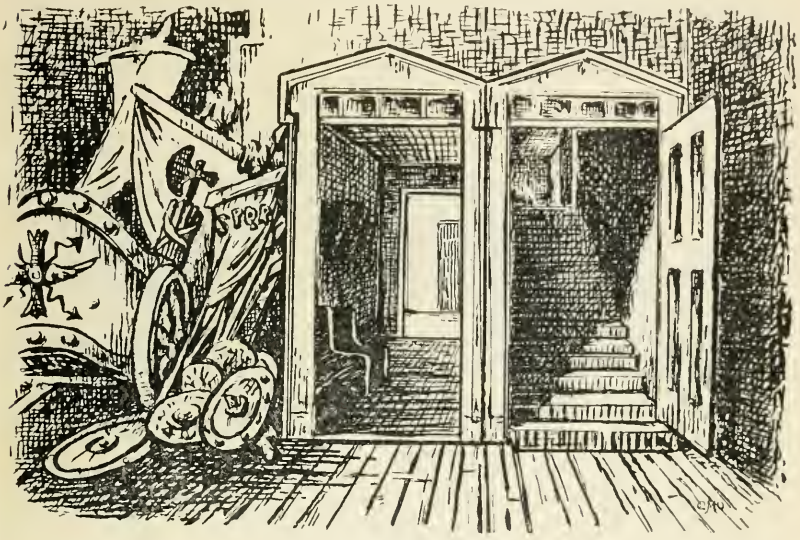
A "New Way to Pay Old Debts." Why this is to be a benefit night. No doubt the attendance will be large. For me,

VIEW OF THE SALT LAKE THEATRE.

the years have rolled backward, the snow is falling, there is a mantle of white over the "City of the Saints." They shake the snow from their shoulders, those who come through the theatre side door. Those are door keepers, stage hands, property men, musicians, actresses, actors. But others who, we will see, are civic dignitaries and high officials of the Church. Many of those are owners of stalls, benches I should say, and the social rank which the play house holds makes them not averse to certain prerogatives. The watchman, he who sits implacable as fate at the private entrance, he knows them all. He knows each one's status; he knows the rights or the accorded privileges of all those who come to the theatre side door.

Of these there enters first into the barber shop a man, a very large and portly man. He has a rugged face, a face very

much like, I should imagine, to Doctor Johnson, the one whom Boswell has written into fame. This is the Church historian, he is a "counselor," too. He is the man who first planted a potato in all this surrounding land. The scene painter has heard him preach. It was in the tabernacle last Sunday, the sermon was very much like the man. He has heard him "speak," too. It



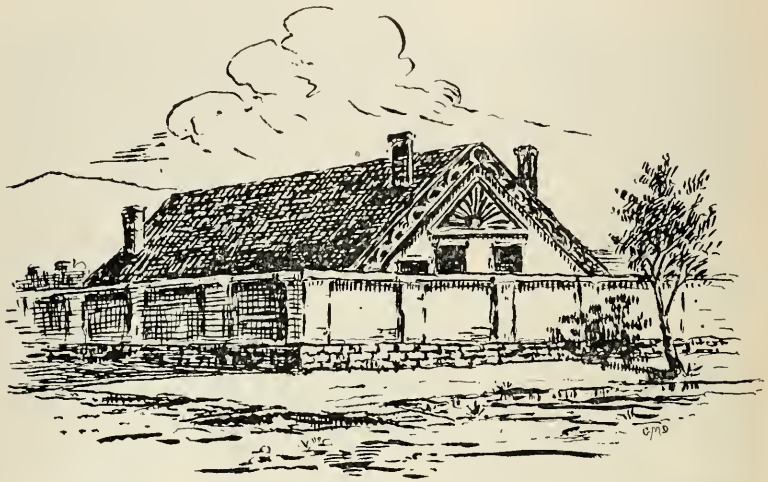
THE BARBER SHOP.

was in "The Bowery," under the roof of gathered branches on the Temple square. The man spoke in praise of peace. That was on the anniversary of Pioneer day—July 24—and he deprecated in the celebration the firing of cannon. He loved the stillness of the mountain valleys—he did not like to hear it broken; the noise reminded him too much of the bells of Babylon.

The opposites are there tonight. The scene painter, like others, lingers in the barber shop to listen to, or to exchange a word with, those who will pass through. The actor who is to impersonate Sir Giles Overreach is dressed for the part. He speaks for a few moments to the premier danseuse. The latter will not take part in the play tonight, but will go to her seat in the parquette stall. She has bright, merry eyes, an infectious laugh. Angels were once seen to watch, so the writer was told, a performance in the theatre. They stood at the base of the proscenium arch. They must have been Puritan angels, for when

the danseuse appeared, in spite of all her fairness, her grace and skill, the angels were seen to weep.

This appears to be a night of firsts. Here is a young lady, charming, vivacious, petite. There are young men among the assembling audience who will fall in love with her this night. She has this distinction—she was the first female child born in



THE OLD TABERNACLE, WHERE NOW STANDS THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

this mountain valley. Some day, however, her daughter is to win greater fame as an actress. Her name will shine brightly through all the theatrical world.

Speed my pen! Who is at the side door but "Crazy Bob." He asks for the scene painter. The time has come to paint the "banner." There is a star within his brain, the madman says. He has visions of consuming fire. Like Mucklewrath, he preaches. Of money, silver or gold, "Crazy Bob" has none. He cannot pay thus for the service which he asks the scene painter to perform. But in return for the painting of the banner, he will give ten fold. He will march at the head of his procession—the meek, the lowly, the pure in heart. He will plead for the scene painter when the proper time shall come. Grand old mad man, with his guidance, with his password, I shall go triumphant through the gates of heaven.

The demented one who called for the scene painter at the theatre door was large of stature, a man of wondrous strength,

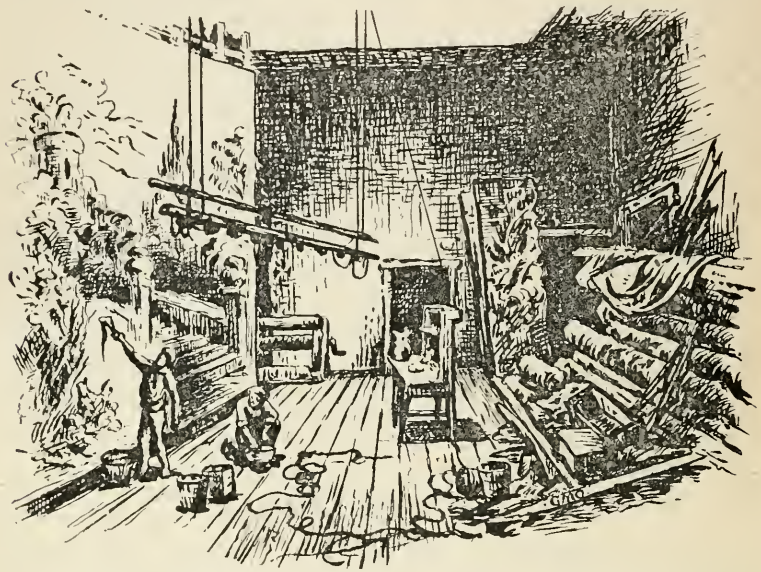
But now there passes through the barber shop a man who in size is a dwarf. He is slightly hump-backed, his face is pale, he is fragile. He is the bill-poster of the house. Talk with this man in public, and he is gentle, he is humble. But talk with him in private, touch him on this one subject, and his eye will burn as flame. What subject? Hopeless love. Ah! there is a heart in that misshapen body. Aye! and by the rood, the one whom he loves is at this very moment out in the theatre audience. She is in her father's private box. She is a blonde. She has eyes of blue. Indeed, her father is very important. Under the auditorium in the southeastern corner of the playhouse, the dwarf has a room. Here he has sacred relics, there he has bits of wearing apparel, there he has trinkets that her hand has touched. "O, I know what I am," he will sometimes say to the scene painter, "but may I not worship? Ah! and in the coming world?" Poor dwarf! Then there are in reality such beings as that, such beings, I mean, as Quasimodo? Yes, this dwarf he can love as blindly, as hopelessly, as did the bell-ringer of Notre Dame.

Certainly, did he but know, the young scene painter would look with wondering interest at the three men who now pass through the barber shop. But he is thinking not of the future now. Two of the men are not attaches of the play house in any way, but the third person conducts this night the theater orchestra. The first person is called "Judge." A time is to come when his son will be the manager of the house. A day will dawn, too, when for the scene painter he will perform the marriage ceremony. The second person shall one day be called "The Blind Poet." This man, to alleviate a deep sorrow, will yet write some beautiful verse, "Rest, on the hillside, rest." The orchestra leader will set beautiful music, a plaintive melody, to the beautiful words, and they will yet be sung over the mortal remains of tens of thousands. Indeed, the words and music will be sung over the wife that is to be of the scene-painter's when she, alas, is dead. The poet and the scene painter shall yet speak together of this, that is, when the poet's now brown, glossy locks are white as snow, when his eyes are of a wonderful blue—but sightless. And tears shall stream down the cheeks of the blind poet, and he shall say in a tremulous voice, "Ah! there in the love of the people, I am secure."

But the other, the slightly built musician, he with the dark

eyes and hair, the nervous gait? It will be his task, too, to compose the funeral march of the leader, Brigham Young.

Brigham Young, that is his voice, and it is a voice slow, measured, filled with an infinitude of self-will and determination. As this man passes through the barber shop all other voices in the room are stilled, and all ears are strained to hear what the



THE SCENE PAINTER'S GALLERY..

president may say. It is a Yankee voice, there is no mistaking that. By his side walks a "counselor," and his son will be the first governor of the future state. Soon the word will go from dressing room to dressing room that the "Big Chief" has come tonight. Each actor and actress will do their best. Such was always the case when the president was in his box.

It was in the scene painter's galley that the writer first met Brigham Young. It was on an afternoon, rehearsal was over, the scene painter thought himself alone. Anon he heard in the barber shop below the sound of foot steps. Then slowly and firmly it came up the gallery stairs. Then the maker appeared. Unheralded and unseen, the great "Mormon" leader had come

upon a tour of inspection. Brigham Young was famed for completeness; whatever he did, he did thoroughly. He possessed a genius for details. Those details he entrusted to others, but he would see himself that his orders were carried out. He appeared that day to think especially of the play house's danger from fire. He broke, with the end of his gold-headed cane, the thick crusts that had been allowed to gather over the barrels of salt. He shook his head and compressed his lips. He performed a labor which should have been done by others. No doubt but that the guilty party was reprimanded.

And the funeral of Brigham Young. It was impossible for me to disassociate that event from my memories of the play house. How hushed and still was the place! The great man had built it; his presence seemed everywhere. On the scene painter's gallery, there lay the idle brushes, there dried upon the big palette the brilliant colors. One could hear from there the noise of the great gathering crowds in the street.

Later in the day I met my artist friend, G. M. Ottinger, who painted the very first scene—the garden, that was rolled out upon the theater stage. He had taken the death mask of Brigham Young. He had taken the measurements of the dead leader. He told me some interesting facts. He spoke of the delicate hands and feet. But the small, plump, white hand I already knew. They had been clasped in mine upon the scene painter's gallery. And at that time I realized that the Moses of the west had "sized me up" so to speak, morally, mentally and physically.

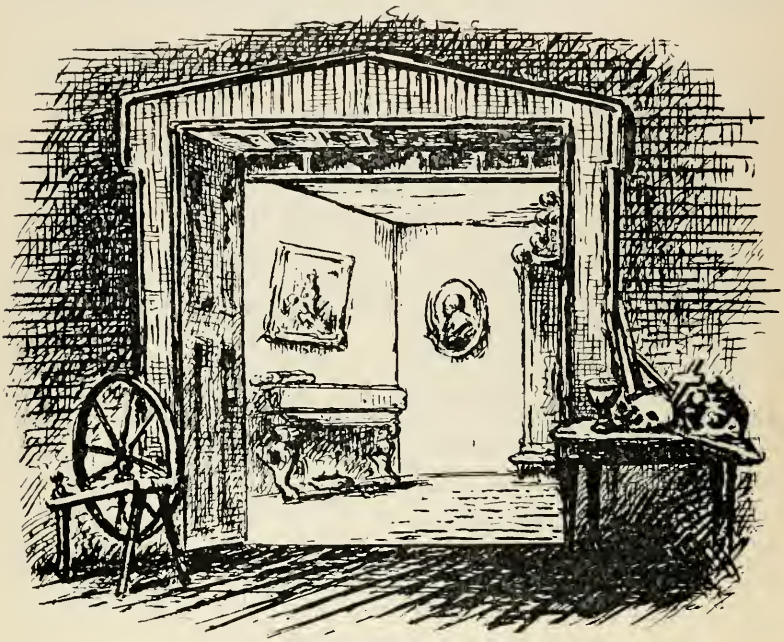
The barber shop, how prosaic the name, how filled with poetry the place! What sparkling wit, what words of badinage, what brilliant, repartee those walls have heard! O, it is like a "Dream of Fair Women," "A Ballade of Dead Ladys" to but think of the beauty that place has known! And the genius, too! Who has walked across the narrow space of this dingy floor? Among them, that of George Fancis Train, Oscar Wilde, the younger Charles Dickens, Theodore Tilton, Robert G. Ingersoll, Moody and Sankey, De Witt Talmage, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry M. Stanley, and Charles Kingsley, the author of *Westward, Ho!*

And many actors, Booth—but I will not repeat the list.

And the actresses? Who of such beauty could make a choice?

"Her loveliness with shame and with surprise froze my swift speech."

Neilson, Modjeska, Langtry, they have passed through this little room. And Kate Claxton, and Rose Coghlan and Celia Howson, too. All those who were so fair in the by-gone days. And Rose Evans, with her eyes sea-green, and her hair bronze-



THE GREEN ROOM.

gold, and Lucille Western, with hair and eyes like the midnight sky, and lastly she—Mary Anderson, who had been called the saint of the stage. But of their beauty one need not to make a choice.

The Grecian Helen, so the legend tells, was blonde or brunette, according to the one who loved.

But the audience has become impatient, it calls for the play. Perhaps, at this moment there is a boy among the gallery gods who is vociferous as the others. If so, he has gained his admission into the play house by the carrying of water from a well a block away, and then up the steep and winding stairs that lead to the upper circle. I wonder if he imagines that some day he will

be the president of the Dramatic association? That tall boy, if he be there, will believe that the villain in the play is always a villain, in private life as well as upon the stage. There will come a time when he will tell the writer so.

Ah! Some of us have traveled since then—I mean since that night that I recall in the barber shop. Then we believed so implicitly. Now we have seen realities. There are those among us who have watched the moonlight fall upon the stone terrace of Elsinore, others have seen the twilight behind the towers of Glamis Castle, and others still have walked upon the Rialto and seen the tomb of the Capulets. Or still others have beheld where King Lear stood upon Dover Cliff, or lingered in Queen Catherine's rooms in the Tower of London—and the glamor of the play home came back to the mind.

Tick! Tick! The clock runs fast. I had become so interested in these few reminiscences that I had almost forgotten that I was alone. Shall I take my hat, shall I don my coat, shall I go and look once more at the old play house? Shall I go in at the small side door and ascend the stairs? No! no! not tonight. The scene painter's gallery is dark and silent—there is no one there. It would be too solemn; after those years there would be preached too sad a sermon. Tonight I would be with the living and feel a peace for the dead. It is the Sabbath, too! It is the day of rest. Rest then, my heart! Can you not feel that all is well? Let the shadows be never so dark, there will come a time of light. Let the years glide by, then, until adobe and timber have crumbled away; we have lived our lives. And in the words of Hamlet—"The rest is silence."

Home, Sweet Home, in Idaho

(For the "Improvement Era.")

I had a dream not long ago;
I dreamed of home in Idaho,
Where mountain glades and sparkling rills
Like network thread the timbered hills.
I saw the farmhouse nestled in
Among the rocks of mossy green,
I heard the rushing water-fall
Singing to the world and all,
In monotone of mystic rhyme,
Protected 'neath the towering pine.

And O, the world seemed sweetly bright,
The sun was at its noon-day height.
The meadow-grass, all severed lay,
A downy bed of new mown hay.
Great, massive clouds looked earthward, too,
From 'gainst their banks of heavenly blue,
And wallowed in majestic mien,
A background to a world of green.
And I was home 'mong those I know
In my old gem state, Idaho.

The days flew by, and autumn time
Fell round that childhood's home of mine;
And golden-purple tints and shades
Spread on in patches through the glades.
The hills and valleys, through and through
Took on a deeper-tinted hue.
All frosted stood the mountains tall,
From whence came down the reindeers all,
Beneath the cliffs of Idaho,
And nestled in the valleys low

Then winter, with its frost and snow,
And sleigh-bells, tinkling to and fro,
And boys and girls en route to school,
With pen and ink and slate and rule,
Quite welcome made the morning sun;
And home they came, when day was done.
Then by the pine fire crackling bright,
The children sang a song that night—
A song I wish the world could know,
'Twas "Home, Sweet Home, in Idaho."

WILLIAM HIGGINS

PARIS, IDAHO.

What Constitutes Success in Life?

[In the September Era, 1911, we promised to send the Improvement Era one year to each of the three persons who should give the best answer, in not more than 400 words, to the question, "What, in your opinion, constitutes a successful life?" The invitation to write brought to the editors' table a large number of articles for which we hereby tender thanks to the authors. We print the three answers which we consider best. If the authors will please send to the associate editor their present addresses, their Era subscriptions will be extended one year.—Editors.]

BY JOHN S. SAGERS, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION.

One may answer the above query by saying, he who owns a large farm, stocked with horses, cattle, and farming utensils, supplied with capacious barns and granaries, ornamental lawns, trees, and a beautiful dwelling. In the estimation of another, he who possesses a large bank, with thousands at interest, has attained success. Still another may think the historian, the politician, or the minister, are the successful ones.

But a man may own either one, or all, of these possessions, and then his life be unsuccessful. For aught we know, he may have become the owner of his large farm, with all its improvements, by fraud and dishonesty. The banker may have secured his wealth surreptitiously. The man who has won fame as an historian, a politician, or a minister, may have done so by chicanery and deceit. Therefore, in reality, they would not possess that which they are reputed to possess. An honest man who fails to reach the acme of his ambition may be more successful than his dishonorable colleague, who reaches it. Oftentimes this is the case.

To be truly successful one must devote his whole life to duty, no matter what it costs. He must steadfastly adhere to principles of nobility and truth, although they call him to wade through tribulation knee-deep. He must be willing to bare his bosom to the assassin's dagger, if duty demands it.

A man may be ambitious, and then be unsuccessful. He must couple his ambition to tireless energy. Humiliation, wedded to determination and effort, is the keynote to success. Success is not built up in a moment, but constant effort is necessary. It strikes me that no one ever attained success in a moment, or an hour. It requires the constant labor of a life time. One must arouse every energy, summon every latent power, and develop them for the better of humanity, to be able to say, "I have been successful."

Thoroughness is indispensable to the man who wants to be successful. Napoleon won his great battles by anticipating every contingency, and by preparing for every emergency. In the battle of life, one must ever prepare himself for glory, honor, and immortality. He can only do this by living his best self every day.

He who, in taking a retrospect view of his life, can say, in the words of President Joseph F. Smith, "I have been true to every covenant I have made with the Lord, with the Saints, and with the world," has been successful in the strictest sense of the word. If you, when looking over your past life, and weighing your conscience, can say, "I have betrayed no trust, violated no obligation, nor counseled any man so to do," your life will have been a success.

BY Z. N. DECKER

"Man is, that he might have joy" (Lehi). In my opinion, a life in which happiness predominates is, to some extent, successful. But successful lives are of varying degrees, almost as numerous as is the number of lives that can be called successful. One man is successful in one way, another in another. Much that appears to be success, however, does not always add to the conditions that make up a successful life, but, in many cases, detracts therefrom. Often a man's wealth, or ability to accumulate, is thought to spell success. The getting of knowledge is also considered success. A man may possess the wealth of Crœsus, or the knowledge of the "Son of the Morning," and yet his life be far from successful. Both wealth and knowledge contribute to success, or detract therefrom, according as they are properly obtained, and are rightly or wrongly used. "But, before you seek for riches, seek ye first the kingdom of God. And after ye have

obtained a hope in Christ, ye shall obtain riches, if ye seek them; and ye will seek them for the intent to do good," etc. (Book of Mormon, Jacob 2:18, 19). Jacob also says, learning is good, if properly used.

In looking about for examples of successful lives, my mind instinctively reverts to the Savior. He was neither rich nor learned as to the things of the world. Can anyone say his life was not successful? He, the carpenter's son, had no place to lay his head. We have no record of his attendance at school or college. Yet, his was the most successful life ever lived on earth. One may say, he was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief. Where is the happiness? Often our greatest joy is the product of suffering and pain, and, in most cases, comes only as the result of effort. Through humility and suffering, the Spirit of God was poured out upon Jesus without measure. The wisdom of the world was confounded. All power in heaven and earth was given unto him.

The degree of success in life, then, depends upon the measure of the Spirit one has, and the heed given to its influence.

TAYLOR, ARIZONA.

BY BERNARD HERMAN SMITH

In the bed of a small stream, wending its way from the recesses of the Sierra Nevadas, an old prospector found rich deposits of gold. Then the claim was sold, and the money used to gain idle pleasure and luxury. Would you call the prospector's life successful? Did he reach an end worthy of attainment? Was the ideal one that would appeal to the greatest sons and daughters of the present generation? Would the soul of one having a perfect conception of the object of life be reconciled by such an acquisition? To all of these questions, the best answer should be an emphatic, no. Truly, life in such could scarcely be said to flourish. The great men of the earth only pity—not scorn—the avaricious, who are crowned with no other aim than that of gaining worldly riches or self-aggrandizement.

The successful lives are those who have reaped in a measure, if not in full, the harvest of life. But the truism, "The harvest comes from the seed sown," must be a guide, and faith, a motto, to all seeking life development. The successful man is he who

has outgrown present conditions and is contributing to their reform and advancement. A man or woman, girl or boy, who is succeeding, has crushed, and is crushing without a murmur, the difficulties of life, is seizing opportunity with a vice-like grip, knowing it to be an accomplished gentleman that knocks at the door but once. Successful men have experienced defeat; but by this we recognize their quality: "Not by the number of times they have fallen, but by the number of times they have risen after having fallen." They are those who have fastened their wagons to stars, and are feeding upon the pure sesame of spiritual food, and are giving it to others that they may eat.

That soul, I believe, has filled the measure of its creation who becomes so educated as to be a neighbor not only to those who have fallen among thieves, but to all needing help; to be a guide to the erring, an exemplary factor in society, and a theoretical and practical hero in trouble. It is not a soul who walks blindly under the mid-day sun, but one enjoying the bright day when all nature is dark with the shades of night. Such a life will cherish morality, as did Christ. He developed the man, having perfect control over all his passions.

RAYMOND, ALTA, CANADA.

Elder Meredith Rogers, writing from Keene, New Hampshire, January 18, says: "The elders are meeting with fine success in the smaller towns and villages of New Hampshire, this winter. Numerous friends have been secured and earnest investigators are giving the gospel a thorough search. They say: 'We have heard the question from the world's side, and also the testimony of the 'Mormon' elders. We are not going to take your word nor the word of some writer, but will search for ourselves.' If more people would look at it in that light, and dig down into the truths of the gospel for themselves, they would be better off, and good results would follow. The elders are:: Standing, left to right Meredith Rogers, Garland; Monroe Van Wagnen, Midway; front: William F. McFarlane, Manti, Utah. Some of the towns we have labored in are Marlboro, Clairmont, Hinsdale."

The Tobacco Curse

From many towns and cities the *Era* has received letters commending the effort in our last issue to warn the young men of the evils of cigarette smoking.

Many teachers strongly declare against the evil habit. More and more it is becoming the fashion in large mercantile houses, railroad offices, and other business establishments to discard the cigarette smoker. The yellow forefinger and thumb which he carries about with him are insignia for dismissal, or for refusal wherever he presents himself for work. Not only is the habit death-dealing to the boy physically, but it destroys his ambition for work, and his moral stamina.

Dr. George H. Brimhall, who has charge of from seven hundred to one thousand boys in the Brigham Young University, speaking upon the subject, said:

"I don't know of anything else, unless it is unchastity, that seems to so wither and shrink up the manhood of a boy as the smoking of cigarettes. Long experience has shown that the word of honor of a cigarette smoker is never at par."

Here, then, we have the strong word of a leading educator in our own state for the truth of the statement that physical deterioration and moral degeneracy follow the dirty habit. Dr. L. Bremer, of St. Vincent's Institution for the Insane at St. Louis, Mo., wrote, a few years ago:

"There is an alarming increase of juvenile smokers, and, basing my assertion on the experience gained in private practice and at St. Vincent's Institution, I will state that he boy who smokes at seven will drink whiskey at fourteen, take morphine at twenty five, and wind up with cocaine and the rest of the narcotics at thirty and later on."

"I might as well go to a lunatic asylum for employees, as to hire cigarette smokers," said E. H. Harriman, once the great head of the Union Pacific railway system.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to man's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I take interest from his work, and discount his chances of success."—David Starr Jordan.

The Passing of the Home

BY WILLIAM HALLS, AUTHOR OF "SELECT WRITINGS"

As time rolls on and new conditions arise many old customs pass away. A generation ago most of the tools used on the farm were made in the home village, most of the clothing worn was made in the home, and most of the food was raised on the home farm and prepared at home. The schools were sustained by voluntary subscriptions. Now most of the tools used and the clothing worn are made, and much of the food is prepared, away from home. The school is controlled by the state and the attendance is compulsory. When the children are about four years old they go to the kindergarten; next comes the graded school to which the parents must send them, so many hours a day, so many days a week, and in the evening, after the closing of the school proper, there are gymnasiums in which they exercise during "chores time." After supper they are off to the picture show or some amusement until bed time. The high school comes next, which takes them away still more; and next, the college, which takes them from home entirely until they have passed their majority, and in many cases lost all interest in home.

The modern boy, instead of learning to work on the farm, care for the stock, and milk the cows at home, is in college studying agriculture, animal husbandry, and dairying; and the girl, instead of learning cooking, sewing, and house work, at home, is in school studying art and domestic science.

When a boy becomes unruly, he is taken from home to the reform school. The blind are sent to the school for the blind; the deaf, to the school for the deaf; and the sick, to the hospital. The trend of the times is from the home to public institutions. At this rate, it may not be long until as soon as a child is weaned it will be taken from its home and cared for and educated by the state.

Whether the passing of the home is good or bad is not the question. It is a fact. The question is how to meet it.

This is a matter of great importance to the Saints. The Bible and all sacred literature are excluded from the state institutions, and all religious teaching and exercise are strictly forbidden. But instead of leaving religion entirely alone to stand or fall on its merits, some of the professors seem to go out of their way to destroy the faith the students may have received at home. In ignorance of the government of God, they classify all spiritual phenomena as supernatural, inconsistent, and contrary to known laws. All faith in a personal God, the efficacy of prayer, the divinity of Christ, a literal resurrection, and an active Providence in the individual lives of mankind, are declared superstition. They treat these subjects with a keen, sarcastic ridicule which fills the young people with contempt for the faith of their parents.

When the Lord opened this dispensation, restored the Priesthood, and set in operation those uplifting influences that lead to life, Satan commenced to put in operation those agencies that lead to death. "There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof is death." The means of self-indulgence and the allurements to sin are increasing on every hand. To meet this condition the Lord inspired his servants to organize the Priesthood quorums, the Church schools, Sunday schools and Improvement associations and other auxiliary organizations, and surely there is work for all to guard against the evils confronting us.

It is not barbarous persecution, nor mob violence, that are to be feared. The battle is rather on social, intellectual, and spiritual lines. It is not a placid trust in Providence, nor an enthusiastic fanaticism, that are required, but an intelligent obedience to all the commandments of God, and a strict application of the means provided, that will enable the Saints to save themselves and their children to the faith of their homes, and from the snares of the enemy.

The conservation of the home is one of the great problems for the Saints to solve. It should be the ambition of every young man and young woman, at the proper age, not only to marry and rear a family, in the order of the everlasting covenant, but also to acquire a clear title to some real estate on which to build a home. Next to the blessings of the Priesthood and a family, is a home in a stake of Zion, where there is an organized ward, with all the advantages of the institutions of the Church. In this there is safety. Those who neglect to marry, to rear families, and to

establish their homes in Zion, may find, when too late, that they have wasted their lives, that "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and they are not saved." "Many shall come from the east and the west, the north and the south, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven, while the children of the kingdom are cast out."

The Church is so perfectly organized that, as in the past so in the future, means will be provided, as conditions arise, for the humble, watchful, prayerful Saints to escape these evils, to save their children to the faith and the home, and be prepared for the coming of the Lord.

MANCOS, COLORADO.

Elder Howard P. Price, writing from Oakley, Idaho, incloses a group picture of the elders laboring in the East Kansas and St. John's conferences, Central States mission, taken while the elders were in Topeka attending conference and listening to the Taberacle choir. Kansas is a good field for the gospel message, and the truth is spreadingly rapidly in that section of the country. The elders have a very intelligent class of people to labor among, and the results are therefore good. A number of those who are shown in the picture have re-

turned. The names of the elders are: Top row, left to right: William V. Lay, Escalante; C. P. Humphreys, Coyote, Utah; Elder Free; Daniel G. Marshall, Lyman, Wyoming; Ray S. Harding, Knightville, Utah; Joseph W. Greenhalgh, Safford, Arizona; Harold J. Marton, Rexburg, Idaho; Glen Allen, Hyrum, Utah. Second row: Chauncey Sandberg, St. George; William H. Duffin, Provo; John Denny, Sandy, Utah; John F. Miller, St. Anthony, Idaho; Edward Barrett, North Ogden; Horace Holly, Ogden, R. D.; James E. Manning, Farmington, Utah. Third row: Howard P. Price, Oakley, Idaho; A. D. Livingston Manti; Ross P. Gelispie, Tooele; William Corbet, president, East Kansas; Lewis J. Bowers, Salt Lake City; President Webb, Kansas and St. John's; Thomas D. Levitt, Bunkerville, Nevada; Orville C. Day, American Fork; Lewis S. Dunyon, Draper, Utah.

From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers

The Origiual Diary of Erastus Snow

EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW

XIV.

In the last number it was stated the pioneers had decided to build a fort on one of the public squares. The Journal continues:

Monday, August 2. Elders E. T. Benson, O. P. Rockwood and others were dispatched with horses and pack mules to meet the Saints who were expected on our track, and to return with our mail from them, if possible, before we left the valley to return, in order to ascertain who are on the way and with what quantity of stores and provisions, that we may better determine who shall tarry and who shall return. Brother Henry Sherwood commenced surveying the city, or its general lines, and the public square in the southwest quarter of the city was selected for the fortress. This week I was detailed to take charge of herding all our stock, and seven men were selected for herdsmen; others were set to watering fields and sowing our turnips, etc. Others were to get out timber for log houses, and a strong company was organized to make adobes. To those unacquainted with these kind of buildings, I will say that they are very common in New Mexico and other sparsely timbered countries. Adobes are bricks made of gravel and soil and dried hard in the sun instead of being burned with fuel. Ours were moulded 18 by 9 inches in length and breadth, and 4½ inches thick. The soil upon the ground of the fort being well adapted for the adobes, it was plowed, and water brought from the creek on to it and mortar made with oxen.

Sunday, August 8. Dams being prepared in the creek, all the Saints were re-baptized, from the president to the least member, and several who had never before been baptized. This we did because we had, as it were, entered a new world, and wished to renew our covenants and commence a newness of life. We had a most glorious discourse from the president on the priesthood, and sealing powers and blessings thereof.

Monday, 9th. Captain James Brown, accompanied by S. Brannan and a few attendants, started for the Bay of San Francisco to get a discharge for his men from the commanding officer in California. He was accompanied by some officers of the company to Fort Hall, to see if they could draw, or rather purchase, supplies for his men. This week I commenced getting out timber for a couple of houses. We hauled our timber about seven miles from a mountain ravine. It was a kind of timber called in the east fir tree. Mountaineers call it pine, some call it spruce pine. It often grows on these mountains to a great size. Brother Little and a few others started to explore the country north as far as Bear river and Cache valley. They accompanied Brown's company down the lake valley until they crossed Bear river, then bore up to Cache valley and found several places well adapted to settlements, and returned to camp after an absence of about a week. Professor Albert Carrington, with others, was engaged in an exploration or geological survey of the valley about the city, and from there up to the Utah lake and the adjacent mountains.

Monday, 16th. Our express sent to bring mail from our rear companies not returning, it was thought wisdom that the ox teams which were to return to Winter Quarters should tarry no longer. Accordingly, a company of about ninety men, soldiers and pioneers, with thirty-three teams and a number of loose horses and mules, that were either ridden or driven, left the valley this afternoon under the superintendence of Brothers Shadrack Roundy and Tunis Rappleyee, who were appointed their leaders on their return trip. Tuesday, the 24th, was the day set for the horse and mule teams to follow them. I should have mentioned that several pioneer teams started about a week ago with instructions to halt for the ox teams as soon as they found game to subsist upon. This was in consequence of the men having exhausted their provisions, and the whole camp being left with but small supplies. Those that were left, now doubled their diligence upon the fort, except the blacksmiths and other mechanics that were set to shoeing horses, preparing wagons, etc., preparatory to starting.

Sunday, 22nd. This afternoon the meeting was resolved into a conference to transact a little business relative to this place before the Twelve should leave. It was voted to organize a stake

of Zion by appointing a president, high council, bishop and counselors, and all necessary officers; but the appointments were left to the Twelve when they should ascertain who were coming to winter here. The city was named the City of the Great Salt Lake of the Great Basin of North America. The Utah outlet was named the Western Jordan.

Tuesday, 24th. Those who were ready to start went to the Salt lake for another bathing frolic, while the rest were getting ready.

Return Journey.

Thursday, 26th. All being ready, we left the valley at about noon, it being five weeks precisely from the time the first teams entered it. We have left about thirty log houses nearly finished, and the outside adobe wall about four feet high on two sides of the fort, and materials ready for the third side, the log houses to form the fourth side. The brethren who were left in the valley were instructed to continue their labors upon the fort. Our crops look well, and if there should be a favorable fall, the potato seed will be saved, and considerable benefit will be derived from the turnips and buckwheat. When we organized our return camp, we had thirty-six horse and mule teams, one hundred and eight men, besides about forty or fifty horses and mules that were ridden or driven loose. Quite a number of men, however, with some eight or ten teams, were expecting to meet their families and return again to the valley.

Before taking our leave of the valley, I must give the reader a little more minute description of it, being better prepared to do so than I was when the reader was first introduced into it on the 21st of July. It is bounded on the east by a ridge of mountains generally rough, rocky and mostly inaccessible. Some of the highest peaks are covered with perpetual snow. The highest one is 6,919 feet above the temple block; on the south, bounded by a low mountain range that separates it from the Utah lake, and through which the Utah outlet forces its way down an impassable canyon into the valley; on the west, by another very high and rough ridge of mountains, extending from the Utah to the Salt lake, leaving only room for a convenient road between the north point of the mountain and the south end of the Salt lake; on the north, by the lake and the salt marshes, leaving little more than room

for a road between the marshes and the base of the eastern mountains, and in some places scarcely that. The valley is about twenty miles broad from the base of the east to that of the west mountains, and with the exception of from four to six miles in the center of the valley it slopes each way to the base of the mountains. It is about thirty-five or forty miles long, north and south. There are no streams from the western mountains, and the west side of the valley is dry, though the soil is good, and it may nearly all be irrigated from the outlet by taking the water out of the upper end of the valley. On the east side there are eight principal streams, besides several smaller creeks, coming out of the mountains between City creek and the Utah lake, and many extensive and excellent springs in the bottoms, and I will venture the assertion that better water cannot be found on the continent than these creeks afford. None but the larger class of these streams find their way to the outlet, or the Western Jordan. All the smaller ones spread out and are lost beneath the soil of the bottoms, and even the outlet itself, with all its tributaries, though sufficient for small steamboat navigation, shares the same fate during the dry season, ere it reaches the Salt lake. Its length in all its wanderings is probably one hundred miles. The sloping portions of the valley from the base of the mountains to the bottoms are dry and gravelly. The bottoms have the alluvial character of Illinois, and abound with extensive beds of rushes, and the greatest variety of grass I ever saw in any country; and the luxuriant growth of grass, rushes, cane-brake, bull-rushes and weeds, upon this bottom, is equal to any growth of vegetation in the Mississippi valley. There is no timber to be seen in the valley, except a few scattering trees upon the creeks, but by tracing these streams to their sources in the mountains, the ravines will be found to be full of timber sufficient to supply the Saints in the valley for many years to come.

(To be Continued)

Herman Bang, the well known Danish author, died at the Dee hospital, in Ogden, Utah, January 29, 1912. He was on his way to San Francisco, on his route around the world, when death overtook him. He was born in 1857, and for many years was considered one of the leaders in literature in Denmark. A death mask was taken of the dead author, and his remains were prepared and shipped to his native land for burial.

Editor's Table

Commercialism

You have probably heard it said that "commercialism" is rampant in the Church; in fact, that the whole trend of Church affairs is toward that end. Falsely uttered and industriously circulated by writers for eastern magazines, the idea has grown so that there are people here and there who actually are suspicious that the Church is guilty of "commercialism"—trade and barter —to such an extent that it has lost its spiritual force and mission.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Any person's common sense will tell him so, if he shall stop a moment to analyze the meaning of the matter for himself.

The words commercial and mercantile are interchangeable terms, even as the employments are to some extent intermingled; but either or both may mean the purchase, sale and interchange of commodities. Hence, commercialism may be defined as the business of buying and selling goods, generally at a margin or profit. When one engages in the commercial or mercantile business, he adopts the commercial spirit or method, entering fully into trade, traffic, and business intercourse, exchanging, buying, selling, bartering and dealing in goods and products. The Church is engaged in no such actions, does not buy and sell goods for profit, and is therefore not in the commercial business, and hence not commercialized.

"But," says one, "how about the co-operative store, the sugar companies, the banks and other like enterprises? Does not the Church own them, and so carry on the commerce incident to these business establishments?" The answer is, "No; it does not."

It has always been the policy of the Church to help establish home industries and to aid in setting certain business enterprises on their feet, the purpose being to benefit the people by giving them employment, to start enterprises, and to develop the material resources of the country, that the people and the land may prosper. When these purposes have been in a measure accomplished,

through these avenues, the Church has generally withdrawn, holding in most cases only a very little financial interest in the enterprises. Attention has then been turned to new industries and business ventures thought to be beneficial to the community, and these in turn have been helped on their way.

Let us see if this is true. There is, for example, Z. C. M. I. Its stock is held largely by the people, and that, too, by people who are not Latter-day Saints. As with other business concerns, its stock is on the open market, and can be purchased by any one who wishes to pay the price. The holdings of the Church itself are comparatively small. The institution is a regularly organized corporation. Through it the Church can not rightfully be said to buy and sell.

Then there are the sugar factories. By hard struggle and the investment of means, the Church helped to establish the Lehi Sugar Factory. In the beginning the enterprise would have been a dismal failure without the help of the Church. With it the factory was put upon a paying basis. It clearly demonstrated, further, that the manufacture of sugar could be made successful in Utah and the country round about; thus benefiting the whole community by bringing millions of dollars to farmers and laborers, directly and indirectly. Other industries and inventions, too, followed because of it. Thousands were given profitable employment, and the value of land was enhanced by many fold. But the Church now owns but a comparatively small interest in it; the stock is owned by the people. Through the sugar industry—a great blessing to the community—which it thus helped to establish, the Church is neither buying nor selling, and therefore through that source are surely not engaged in "commercialism."

What has been said of the store and the factories, applies with equal truth to the banks. They are corporations whose stock is bartered upon the open market. Boards of directors, as with the other enterprises, govern them, and these, while having Church members in their personnel, are in no way under the control of the Church, which owns only a small interest in them.

Hence the Church does not carry on a banking business, and therefore cannot be said to be commercialized by them. And so with other industries and enterprises which the Church authorities have helped to establish, or are now aiding according to the means at their disposal for such purposes. Assistance to worthy

causes has always been rendered, according to the ability and best judgment of the leaders, and been given where it would most benefit the community and their homes, and develop the latent material resources of the land. This is not commercialism—barter and trade for profit—it is common sense help, which it has been the policy from the beginning, and is now, as far as means will permit, to extend directly and indirectly to the members of the Church for their temporal as well as spiritual welfare and advancement.

There are those who object to the authorities of the Church being directors in these institutions. They would exclude them from connection with all manner of business, if they could, because they are "Mormons." But, I can see no wrong in having them serve in this capacity when the stockholders have confidence in their ability and integrity as officers. The establishments seem to prosper under their direction and management, and when business and business institutions prosper, it is a sure indication that material advantages accrue to and are shared by the people also; and to bring about this condition, in addition to the spiritual uplift of the people, is the dual mission of the Church. Spiritual salvation alone is not all that people need in this life. Spiritual and temporal salvation should go together in this world.

And because the Church so aids, as far as it can, in bringing about these temporal blessings to the community, is no reason why it should be said to lose its spiritual force and power. Nor has it lost this potency; but it is more influential than ever in all things that tend to spiritual growth and efficiency. This is proved by the existing spiritual condition of the people and their obedience to the commandments of the Lord.

Joseph F. Smith.

The Monroe Doctrine

Before the administration of President Monroe there grew up in the United States a fixed determination that this country should not allow, under any pretext whatever, territorial aggrandizement on this western continent by any European country.

From certain declarations on the subject by him, this settled policy became known as the Monroe Doctrine.

By what authority, it is often asked, has the United States made itself the guardian of the continent of which it forms but a fractional part. The principle of guardianship is as old as the human race. It is the principle by which the strong protects the weak; it is a humane relationship, helpful as a rule to those who need protection. The small countries to the south of us were in a state of tutelage. Whatever they thought of their own powers and stability, history has shown their infantile character, their condition as wards.

Someone must act as guardian. In the case of individuals the court appoints; in case of nations they become self-appointive, and act through the general concensus of international opinion. The best qualified protector of these small countries was the United States. European countries conceded to us the responsibility of the important task set forth in the Monroe Doctrine. There was another, and perhaps more cogent reason why we should assume the role of protector. It is the law of self-preservation. The conquest of South and Central American countries by the nations of Europe would compel the United States to adopt the same means of defense that European countries adopted. We should be compelled to keep large standing armies and navies. Without a naval base on this continent the countries of Europe would never be a great menace to us at sea. Our isolation thus became to us an economical advantage which we in our own self interest could not afford to abandon. The Monroe Doctrine thus came to be both a duty and a necessity.

To grant Japan a coaling station on the coast of Mexico would come within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine. It is not a question of likely hostility, but one of possible hostility. Japan was the logical guardian of Korea, and all other nations acceded to Japan's self-appointment.

Another question is often mooted. By our acquisition of the Philippines do we lose our justification for the Monroe Doctrine? If we go to the eastern hemisphere for dominion, why should any nation of the eastern hemisphere not come to the western hemisphere for dominion?

There would be the strongest reasons for objection to our assumption of dominion in any part of Europe. Those reasons do not apply to Asia or the islands of the Pacific, except in such wards as naturally fall to the protectorship of Japan and of cer-

tain European countries. The doctrine has reference chiefly to the foreign relationship of Europe to our neighbors on the south. We do not assume guardianship in the domestic regulations of any of these countries, and yet it is easy to imagine conditions in these small countries which would require us to act in matters of internal affairs. It is not unlikely that the use of the Panama canal will call forth some more direct interference with their domestic affairs. We have never traded extensively with South or Central American countries, and their petty revolutions and domestic disturbances have not been detrimental to us. We have not become their creditors, and have had no debts to collect from them.

The Pan-American Congresses have been organized with a view to more intimate relations with the south, and to an enlargement of our trade with these neighbors. Capital from the United States is pushing its way more and more to the south, and we shall hereafter be more concerned about domestic troubles in those countries than we have been. We may therefore look for a broadened and more intensified interpretation of that doctrine in the future.

JOSEPH M. TANNER.

Messages from the Missions

Elder J. Lewis Swensen, writing from Hico, Texas, which is in the North Texas conference of the Central States mission, says that the elders, of whom he encloses a portrait, are well and enjoy their labors very much, in a conference which the elders think is the best in the world. They met in Hico during the Christmas holidays. In

their district the power of prejudice is fast disappearing, and success is crowning their efforts to preach the gospel among the people. They meet many good friends, and testify to the goodness of the Lord in

opening up their way to preach the gospel. Elders, left to right: C. G. Dabb, Harrisville; J. Lewis Swensen, Provo; Elmer Carter, Fountain Green, Utah; Victor F. Spencer, Burley; H. G. Williamsen, Inkom; C. L. Dalton, Blackfoot, Idaho.

Elder Hilmar M. Nelson, writing from Odense, Denmark, says, "This branch includes the city of Svendborg, South Fyn, where the Elders have again taken up missionary labors, with the view to organizing a branch. Within the last few months, three new members have been baptized ,and there are prospects for more in the near future. The Odense branch has a membership of one hundred, and since our last conference, eight new members have been baptized. We have a Sunday school and Mutual Improvement Association, and a Relief Society, organized here, and our meetings are well attended. Odense is one of the oldest cities of Denmark, fully one thousand years old, with a population of from forty-five to fifty thousand. It has a beautiful pleasure resort, called Stige; also a nice little harbor, a beautiful park, a car line, and other modern conveniences; with a number of

manufacturing enterprises, such as glass works and a sugar factory. The elders in the picture are: Back row, left to right: John E. Christensen, Central; A. Hintze Hansen, Salem, Idaho; Joseph A. Christiansen, Mayfield, Utah (released); Ernest A. Jensen, Preston, Idaho; Hans H. Madsen, Salt Lake City; Soren Andersen, Inverury, Utah. Front row: Mikkel A. Mikkelsen, Fountain Green, Utah (branch president); Dagny Hansen, Odense, Denmark (organist); Hilmar M. Nelson, Pleasant Grove, Utah (released).

Elder Vance D. Walker, clerk of the Norwich conference, England, says: "We are holding more and better attended meetings this winter than ever before. The elders are getting more gospel conversations and receiving many more invitations to explain the prin-

ciples of the gospel. ''Tis an ill wind that blows no one good.' The wind that blew so strongly from the thousands of ministers and religious bigots and office seekers, over this isle, a few months ago, for the purpose of freeing themselves from 'Mormonism,' has terminated in our favor. The people are now desirous of learning both sides. As a rule, they will listen without prejudice to an elder, and when they do so, they remain lasting friends. In our tracting many are willing to listen, and we are daily gaining friends. The elders in the picture are, left to right, back row: Seth C. Kelsey, J. A. Hind, Wil-

liam L. Boothe, G. Tom Johnson, A. Willardson, J. W. Fitches, J. L. Broadbent, F. Dashdown, R. L. Shepherd; center row: Vance D. Walker, F. B. Hammond, conference president; Rudger Clawson, mission president; William G. Gidney, J. W. Watts; front row: James Ball, James Buck.

Elder D. Vernon Shurtliff, clerk of the Transvaal conference, South Africa, writes from Johannesburg, stating that on October 16 President Frank J. Hewlett and company arrived at Johannesburg, and were met by John S. Sagers and the traveling elders laboring there. President and Mrs. Hewlett spent an enjoyable time with relatives and friends during their short stay in England, and had a very pleasant voyage on the waters to Africa. They spent over a month's time on board the steamship "Commodore." At Jeppetown a meeting was called on the 18th of October, at which six traveling elders, President Hewlett and President Sagers were in attendance. The business of the meeting was to organize a conference to be known as the Trasvaal Conference. Elder Gottlieb Blatter was chosen the new

conference president, with D. Vernon Shurtliff as clerk. Presidents Hewlett and Sagers spoke of the splendid labors of the elders, and dwelt on the necessity of organizing conferences throughout the South African mission. The Transvaal conference is the first to be organized, in this far-off mission, and it goes to show that the work here is progressing rapidly. The work has been in progress here for two

years, but we have quite a number of members and bright prospects for the future. The elders all rejoice over the prospects of the fruits of their labors. Elders of the South African mission, back row, left to right: William C. Crook, Elmer P. Chipman, C. Byron Whitney, L. A. Nelson, S. Boswell, F. R. Gardner. Middle row: Joseph F. Hintze. President John S. Sagers, President Franklin J. Hewlett and wife; Conference President Gottlieb Blatter. Bottom row: Rufus Beach, D. Vernon Shurtliff, Clifford S. Hodgson. This portrait was taken at a recent conference held at Bloemfontine.

Sarah Mousley Cannon, wife of President Angus M. Cannon, died in Forest Dale, Utah, March 13, 1912. She was born July 21, 1828, in Centerville Delaware, and came to Utah with her parents, Titus and Ann Mousley in 1857. On July 18, 1858, she was married to Angus M. Cannon, and they had six children, two dying in childhood, the others being George M., John M., Ann M. Cannon, and Mrs. Bernard J. Stewart. Mrs Cannon was for many years engaged in pioneer life, and was noted for her sympathy for the distressed.

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Labors of Special Missionaries. At a recent conference of the Granite stake, Elder T. J. Yates, of the High Council, gave a report of the work of the special missionaries who were called last October to labor in that stake of Zion among the people who are not of our faith, and also those who have membership in the Church but who are neglecting their duties. Seventies were called to do this work, a committee from the High Council, under the Stake Presidency, being called to organize them and to preside over and have general supervision of the work. The stake was divided into five conferences, each conference made up of four wards—five presidents of Seventies were chosen to preside over the five conferences, and the Seventies of each conference were assigned to their fields of labor by their respective presidents. Each pair of Seventies made a weekly written report to their president of the work done. The missionaries were called for six months to spend at least three nights (Monday, Wednesday and Thursday) of each week in the field. They were greatly assisted by the bishops and ward teachers, who furnished them with lists of names to be visited, arranged for cottage meetings, notified the people to attend these meetings, and in some cases helped to conduct the meetings. The missionaries visit the people in their homes, discuss the gospel, and distribute tracts and books. They made special efforts to loan the books, thus opening the way for re-visits. They also held cottage meetings wherever possible, and public meetings in all the wards. These meetings were previously announced, and in every case were well attended. Altogether the results of the labors of these special missionaries have been very gratifying. Many of our friends who have lived among the people for years know little or nothing of the gospel as taught by the Saints, and these received the missionaries very kindly. Quite a number have been baptized into the Church, and many others have applied for baptism. Some were found who had been baptized in their youth, and others who had once been ordained teachers or deacons, but had drifted away from the Church. These were labored with, and the results are good. A number of men and women who were married outside of the Church have welcomed missionaries to their homes, and have found joy in having the gospel taught to their husbands and wives. The missionaries keep a record of all the families they visit, how they are received, what they teach, etc., and from this information will make a report, at the end of their term of six months for which they were called, to the bishop of the ward, so that the work may be followed up by the teachers and special visits during the summer, and not wasted. Work will in a measure be thus continued for the summer months so that the people who have been interested may be looked after and kept under the influence of the gospel. Some of the missionaries were at first reluctant to take up the work, but they are now enthusiastic and thoroughly love

it, and feel well paid for the effort which it has cost them. Quite a number of books and tracts were sold and distributed.

Lesson 4.—Something About the Seventies' Year Book. This book is the result of long and careful study. It was not written in a day. It took many months to do the mechanical part alone. The subject matter is the result of years of painstaking research. The students of this book, therefore, can not expect to master it in one reading, or in a half dozen readings. It should be carefully studied and discussed. Too frequently, however, do we find seventy who feel that they must gather all of the knowledge in the Year Book, and must try to follow none other than the author's point of view in each lesson. Sometimes a brother is disturbed because the author takes a rather new viewpoint to what he has been prone to believe. The student should in all cases try to discover the logic of each lesson, and note wherein the author has worked out his viewpoint logically and clearly. The Year Book, though of course a study, is a book that suggests lines of thought that should carry the reader into other reading. A book should not be our master, but our servant. The Seventy should not try to repeat the formula of the book, but it should be interpreted in the individual's own thought and language. Each member of the quorum should aid the teacher in trying to provide some wholesome thought for the enrichment of the text. The Year Book is a summary of the subject under discussion. One of the greatest deficiencies of a recitation is the danger that nothing new will be presented. It is not intellectually stimulating to the members of the class to listen to the repeating of a mere formal lesson which all have read before coming to meeting. Each member must do what he can to add something new, in his own experience, to what is said in a lesson. The further one has read in history, literature, or ethics, etc., the better is one able to see the viewpoint of the author, and to take over into his knowledge what the author suggests. The Year Book is a text on the subject treated. The lessons are logically and clearly worked out, and though they all follow the truth of the gospel, they all are suggestive of thought, and facts that should be followed up by extensive outside reading.—Levi Edgar Young.

The One Hundredth Quorum at Bountiful, Utah, is inviting from time to time some of the scholars of the Church to lecture to them. As a result of this idea, the members of the quorum have taken a renewed interest in their meetings, and the Year Book is receiving closer and better attention than heretofore. Once a month it is a good thing to have a brother, well versed in some line of thought, to come in and to talk on his special subject. It is not only stimulating, but enriching in mental effort. The quorum at Bountiful has already had Dr. Fred Pack, Professor of Geology at the University of Utah, Professor Tipton, Dr. Joseph Peterson, and others. It is the object of the council and class teachers to invite many others to speak before the quorum during the year. We think the idea is a good one.—Levi Edgar Young.

Mutual Work

The June M. I. A. Conference

At a meeting of the General Board held Wednesday evening, February 28, it was decided to hold the annual M. I. A. Conference on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 7, 8 and 9. A committee, consisting of the General Superintendency and the chairmen of the various standing committees, was appointed to arrange a program, which will doubtless include officers' meetings, with instructions relating to the next season's work of the associations, a variety of activities in the field, as well as general religious services in the Tabernacle. It is believed that the occasion will be made one of the most interesting and instructive yet held by the Improvement associations.

Members of the Second Normal Athletic Class

Left to right, front row: Ona A. Harrison, Auburn, Orla Barrows, Fairview, E. A. Gardner, Afton, Adelbert Wilde, Afton, Star Valley, Wyoming; Arthur M. Jacobs, Torrey, Wayne; James J. Thompson, Garland, A. N. Grover, Fielding, Bear River; Joseph Edwards, Meadow, Millard; Ernest Adamson, Annis, Idaho, Rigby; John W. Fields, Lyman, Wyoming, Woodruff.

Second row: Chester Whitehead, St. George, St. George; Percy Wilkenson, Cedar East; W. K. Granger, Cedar West, Utah, Parowan; C. H. De Priest, Manassa, Colorado, San Luis; Alvin Fjelsted, Centerfield, Daniel Beck, Centerfield, Sanpete; R. A. Christensen, Elwood, Revel N. Nielson, Garland, Bear River; Walter M. Stout, Leamington, Alma M. Harder, Leamington, Millard; Sidney Call, Chesterfield, Bannock; Earl D. Adams, Thatcher, Bear River.

Third row: R. W. Richardson, instructor; Hyrum M. Booth, Honeyville, Box Elder; Frank J. Christensen, Kanosh, Alonzo Christensen, Oasis, Nelson Cooper, Fillmore, Millard; E. E. Rigby, Driggs, Teton; Hyrum Sander, Ogden, Fourth ward, Ogden; Reuben Blackner, Lyman, Woodruff; Lester G. Stokes, Bothwell, Box Elder; Alma Chambers, Eden, Ogden; Mrs. Kirkman, pianist; Miss Addie Cannon, dancing instructor; John H. Taylor, athletic field-man; W. E. Day, physical director, Deseret Gymnasium.

Fourth row: Bryan Wright, Ogden, Edgar Holmes, Liberty, Ogden; J. C. Hogan, Hatch, Bannock; H. B. Spencer, Kanab, Kanab; Wilford Fife, Cedar W., Parowan; John A. Lindberg, Tooele, Tooele; Guy Chamberlain, Orderville, Kanab; Thomas Hale, Afton, Star Valley; Ben E Harker, instructor; B. S. Hinckley, secretary, Deseret Gymnasium.

The second Y. M. M. I. A. Normal Athletic Class, representing eighteen stakes, concluded their course in the Deseret Gymnasium, February 16, 1912.

Activities in the Logan Fourth Ward

President George L. Zundell, of the Fourth ward Y. M. M. I. A., Logan, writes that the M. I. A. of that ward recently presented Winston Churchill's jolly society comedy, "The Title Mart." On the 27th February they joined with the M. I. A. of Providence and gave their first public performance, and on March 1st joined with the Hyde Park M. I. A. with a second performance. The big performance was held at Nibley hall, Logan, March 2. A fair audience, composed of the cream of Logan's literary talent, greeted the play, and the best critics said that the play was one of the big events of the dramatic season. On the 29th a ward debate was held, the subject being "Woman Suffrage," two ladies and two gentlemen being the debaters. The ladies were victorious, and, strange to say, they argued against woman suffrage. The district debate will be held later.

Stake Meet in Snowflake

Stake Superintendent Joseph W. Smith and Stake Secretary J. B. Pace, of the Snowflake stake Y. M. M. I. A., report that a very successful annual meet of the associations of that stake was held in early March. Out of eight organizations in the stake, five of them entered for contests in some or all of the events. On Sunday night, the 3rd, there was an excellent conjoint religious meeting. The whole of Monday was occupied with a program of field sports, finishing in the evening with another meeting in the stake house. Athletic events were: Basket ball, hammer-throw, shot-put, broad-jump, high-jump, pole vault; and the following races: 100 and 220 yards, one-fourth mile, one-half mile, mile, and relay race with eight on a side. The intellectual exercises were: Oratorical contests, story-telling, debates, violin, piano and vocal music. The people of the stake manifested a lively interest, and the meetings were exceptionally well attended. The outdoor games were witnessed by large crowds, and the young people exhibited a commendable spirit of fairness, while a high standard of manly deportment characterized the whole affair. The associations from St. Joseph and Woodruff each earned eight credits, while those from Snowflake and Taylor got seventy-nine each, making a tie, a rather singular but at the same time pleasing coincidence in such a hotly contested meet. The officers feel much encouraged over the success of the meeting, and are proud of the young men and women who entered. They see improvement, and believe that such occasions will have a tendency to raise the standard of the M. I. A. work in that stake.

Monthly Conjoint Meetings

To Stake Superintendents of Y M. M. I. A., and Presidents of Y. L. M. I. A.

Dear Brethren and Sisters: Many associations are devoting the entire time of the monthly conjoint meetings, held on Fast day, to musical exercises and recitals.

The object of these conjoint meetings is, primarily, to enable our young people to exercise themselves in public speaking upon the subjects treated in the associations. While it may be advisable to present, occasionally, lectures on various topics, the original object should not be lost sight of and, as much as possible, these meetings should reflect the work of the associations and should be made faith-promoting in their character.

The development of the musical talent of our young people is part of the work of the Mutual Improvement Associations, and the singing of sacred songs is an important part of the worship of the Latter-day Saints, and therefore, musical exercises and recitals may very properly be made a prominent part of the programs of the conjoint meetings. At the same time, we do not consider it proper to devote the entire time to musical programs or recitals, to the exclusion of other exercises.

We therefore desire the stake officers of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. to instruct their ward officers to arrange their monthly conjoint programs in accordance with the suggestions contained herein.

Signed { Joseph F. Smith, Supt. Y. M. M. I. A.
Martha H. Tingey, President Y. L. M. I. A.

M. I. A. Dancing Contest

On the 21st of February the Granite stake held a dancing contest in the stake hall. Ten wards were represented by classes varying from ten to twenty in number, and presenting a variety of folk and gymnastic dances. The group from Forest Dale were winners of the first prize. They presented a Spanish tamboureen dance, under the direction of Miss Victoria Reed. The contest is the outcome of a year's work along this line. It was started last winter, at the suggestion of President Frank Y. Taylor. This is the first contest of the kind, as far as we know, that has been given. The benefit of this movement is to teach the young people throughout the stake to learn dances that carry with them grace and precision of action. Over five hundred people witnessed the contest, and were enthusiastically entertained. A number of young people have become interested in Mutual Improvement work through this movement whom it has not

been possible to reach otherwise. The first prize consisted of a banner, which is partly shown in the center of the group herewith.

Story-telling and Oratorical Contest

On March 6th the second annual story-telling and oratorical contest of the Granite stake of Zion was held in the Granite stake house. Ten contestants competed for honors. These had been chosen from nearly forty, who appeared the week previous in try-outs held in the divisions of the stake. The winners were: Charles H. Norberg, oratory; T. B. Brockbank, senior story; Miss Fay Cornwall, junior story, reproduced, and Ethel Newman, original junior story. All received a gold medal. Much interest has been created in the art of story-telling and good reading, by these contests.

To Stake Superintendents

Blanks for ward and stake annual reports for the year ending April 30, 1912, have been distributed to the stake superintendents, who are requested to immediately forward them to the ward association officers in time for the secretaries to make up the ward report immediately at the close of the season's work. These should be sent

in to the stake officers and compiled and forwarded to the general secretary, Moroni Snow, 22 Bishops' Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, no later than May 10. Please be prompt in this matter, so that the whole Church will not have to wait upon the single stakes for reports.

Attention is also called to the necessity of seeing that the collections for the General Fund are promptly attended to and the amounts forwarded to this office, so that each stake may receive proper credit in time for the report at the June annual convention. A substantial increase in the fund should be shown in every stake.

Passing Events

Elder Christian Jensen, Jr., was called to preside over the Samoan Mission to succeed President D. C. McBride. He left for Samoa, November 23, 1911, to fill this call. This is his second mission, as he served as a traveling elder and school teacher in Samoa fifteen years ago. Elder Jensen was born in Ephraim, Sanpete county, Utah, November 17, 1868. In 1879, with his parents, he moved to Redmond, Sevier county, where he received a limited education. He attended the Brigham Young University one year, and on the 25th of April, 1894, was married to Miss Alice Rogers. Three days after his marriage he left for his first mission to Samoa, his wife returning to Redmond, where she taught school while he labored in the mission field. He relates that on his first mission he was forced to learn the economy which has served him as a guide in his financial affairs ever since. His first mission experiences were most happy, however, the last nine months of his time being spent with the mission president in visiting conferences. After returning home, July 4, 1897, he entered the mercantile business in the fall, and for six years was manager of the Redmond Mercantile Company. The business paid splendid dividends, and the firm bought out and operated two of the best salt mines in central Utah, from which they shipped many car loads of rock salt to the adjoining states. During this time he purchased a splendid farm. In 1903 he sold out his business interests and farm and, with his brothers, Charles and Lehi, moved to Magrath, Canada,

Christian Jensen, Jr., and family.

where they organized a mercantile concern under the name of Jensen Brothers Company, Limited. They also organized the Jensen Ranching Company, Limited, which owns and operates seven thousand acres of rich farming and meadow lands. For the year 1911 their crop amounted to 70,000 bushels of grain with several hundred tons of hay. Land which they purchased in 1903 for $6 per acre has since increased to $40 and $50 per acre. During the six years that Elder Jensen resided in Redmond, he was president of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association and superintendent of the Sunday school, and when the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association started at Magrath, he was chosen first counsellor to the president, and later the president of that organization, which position he held until called to fill his present mission. He has also served as one of the seven presidents of Seventies of that district. He has also acted as mayor of Magrath for two terms, being nominated by acclamation to fill the second term. Elder Jensen and wife have four children who, for lack of suitable schools in Samoa, will remain in Magrath during his mission.

The picture of a sun stone, or the head of a pilaster, from the Nauvoo Temple, taken February 26, 1912, at the present resting place of the stone, on the academy grounds, Twelfth and Main streets, Quincy, Illinois, is here given. The elders back of the stone, from left to right, are: Alexander Jensen, Charles T. Johnson, Henry N. Sorensen, Storm McDonald, Arthur Burke, Jas. F. Kinghorn, Frank M. Wilson. It is now seventy-three years ago since Quincy was a refuge for the Saints. The "Era" is indebted to President German E. Ellsworth for the portrait and information.

Sun Stone from the Nauvoo Temple.

Elder Robert Marshall, president of the Karachi Branch of the Church, India, died on the 25th of January, 1912, at the age of 85. Elder Marshall first heard the gospel from Elders Truman Leonard and A. Milton Musser when they visited Sind, in 1856-57. He was then at Hydrabad, Sind, at which place Elder Leonard stayed in his house for some time. Elder Marshall did not then accept the gospel, but he preserved a number of books which were presented to him by the elders. After the outbreak of the American Civil War, in fulfilment of prophecy, he received a strong testimony of the

gospel, and began advocating its principles. When he felt old age creeping upon him, he became anxious for baptism, and opened communication with the European Mission. A missionary happened to be in India at the time (1903), viz., Elder John H. Cooper. He came over to Karachi and baptized not only Elder Marshall, but twelve others, the fruits principally of Brother Marshall's efforts, and of the seed sown by Elders Leonard and Musser fifty years previously. These members were formed into the Karachi Branch, and Elder Marshall was appointed president. He had then lost his sight, but all his other faculties were well preserved. More than a year ago, he fell from his cot, and since that time he has been bedridden. He has now peacefully passed away to reap in another sphere the results of his faithfulness and of a well-spent life. The Karachi Branch also lost another faithful member by death, viz., Sister Sarah Ann Simpson, who died at Kotei, Sind, on 21st July, 1911. This information is given the "Era" by Elder Henry J. Lilley, for many years a leader in the Branch, and a faithful member of the Church.

The City Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is said to be the greatest public building in the world. Its length, north and south, is 486½ feet; east and west, 470 feet; area, 4½ acres; height of tower, 547 feet, 11¼ inches; it has 634 rooms; the diameter of the clock dial is 26 feet; the height of the Pennsylvania statue on top of the tower is 37 feet; the area of the floor space of the building is 14½ acres; the cost of construction, $18,243,339.86. The great building spans Market street, running east and west, and Broad street, running north and south. Vehicles are not allowed to pass through the building, as passage is obtainable all around it.

City Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

Elder K. N. Winnie, writing from Nome, Alaska, January 8, reports that he has been granted space in one of the daily papers, "The Daily Nome Industrial Worker," whose editor is a very liberal-minded man, to answer the attacks of an M. E. Church minister, a Reverend Baldwin, who has recently been sent to Nome to take charge of

church affairs in that place. The reverend's first efforts were to attack the origin of the Book of Mormon, attributing it to Solomon Spalding. Elder Winnie asked him if he had ever read the book, to which he insultingly answered that he had, and then proceeded to push Elder Winnie out of the church, threatening him with an officer and jail in case he did not depart. While he was granted space in the "Worker," the editor of the other paper in that city, "The Nome Daily Nugget," who is a product of Harvard College, is very much prejudiced against our doctrines, being inclined not to inform himself to any degree on the subject. Elder Winnie proceeds: "I am not holding regular meetings but am visiting as the way opens, introducing the gospel to the people and circulating the following literature: All of Volume 14, 'Improvement Era,' bound in parts 1 and 2; 'Liahona, the Elders' Journal'; 'Reminiscences of Joseph Smith, the Prophet'; the Book of Mormon; the Doctrine and Covenants; 'The Great Apostasy'; the semi-weekly 'News'; 'Lives of Our Leaders'; tracts from the Southern States mission; 'Added Upon'; 'Missouri Persecutions'; 'Rays of Living Light'; 'Joseph Smith's Own Story,' etc. I am also sending what literature I can to those who request it, in the outlying points in the district. I have found in my experience that it is what we give and what we do that counts for more than what we say. I rejoice that the beginning of this year, 1912, finds the work of the Lord rolling on with greater momentum than ever before, and that in the midst of many weaknesses, the Lord has seen fit, up to this hour, to strengthen me to labor in his name in defense of all he has revealed in these latter days. Since yielding obedience to the gospel and receiving the priesthood, I have always felt that I am never quite alone, but that there is a power, though invisible, all powerful, reserved for me and for his servants, to meet every emergency. May he who knows our hearts continue to bless and strengthen us for every duty and obligation as they come to pass."

A strong argument for prohibition is sent the "Era," clipped from the "Milling and Grain News," Kansas City, Mo., January 9, 1912, by Bishop Henry H. Blood, of Kaysville. Kansas has been the butt of many derisive jests because of her determination to shake off the evils of the liquor business but time seems to be demonstrating that she is reaping a rich harvest of righteous living, in this one particular. Bishop Blood expresses the wish that all of our lukewarm strict regulationists could read these statistics, from the paper quoted, which is a reliable and high-class journal. The quotation is given under the heading: "Statistics from Kansas, Not only Wheat but Morals Showed a High Quality Last Year":

"Ninety-six counties out of the 105 in Kansas have no inebriates. Six or seven along the Missouri border have them. Thirty-nine counties did not send a prisoner to jail last year. There were 912 prisoners in the state penitentiary last year, but only seventeen per cent of this number were Kansas born. Fifty-seven counties in Kansas have no use for poorhouses, and last year did not send a member

there. Eighty-four counties last year did not report a case of insanity. The death rate in Kansas is less than in any other section in the world—seven and five-tenths per thousand of the inhabitants. There are a large number of newspapers in Kansas, and only four of them carry whiskey ads."

Elder J. Lamond Bunnell, writing from Sidney, Australia, January 26, reports that President Charles H. Hyde has just returned from a trip to the Tasmanian and Victorian conferences, where he found the work of the Lord progressing nicely. Conferences were held in Hobart, Tasmania, and in Melbourne, Victoria. All the elders are in good health, looking forth to the fruits of the new year with bright hopes. Elders in the picture, top row, are: Wesley E. Tingey, Centerville, Utah; Sargent A. Rice, Claresholm, Alta., Canada; John Fulmer, Abraham. Middle row: Horace Heiner, Morgan, William W. Houston, Panguitch, Utah; Archie D. Allred, Afton, Wyoming; Horace E. Worsley, Centerville, Utah. Bottom row: Coral B. Russell, Rexburg, Idaho; Joseph M. Wright, Hinckley, Utah. Elders Heiner, Allred and Rice have been here from twelve to twenty months. The others are new comers, and the weather conditions seem to them "warm."

Trouble in Mexico began just after President Madero's inauguration, November 6, last, and as early as November 18, General Bernardo Reyes was arrested in Texas by United States officers for violating neutrality laws, and later was tried for sedition in Mexico. Emilio Vasquez Gomez and Emilio Zapata joined with him in an effort to overthrow Madero in December last. Disturbances continued in various parts of the country, notwithstanding efforts by the government to quell them. On February 1 the rebels named E. V. Gomez provisional president; and on February 27 rebels under General Campa took the Mexican city of Ciudad Juarez, just over the border from El Paso, Texas. General Orozco proved disloyal to Madero and went over to and headed the rebel army in Chihuahua. Zapata and other leaders continued to plunder haciendas and capture towns. The Madero government is said to be showing little vigor, and what the outcome will be cannot be conjectured. On March 2, President Taft warned all persons in the United States to obey the neutrality laws, and all Americans in Mexico to take no part in hostilities except in self-defense.

Yuan Shi Kai, former Manchu premier, was formally inaugurated provisional president of the new republic of China, in the presence

of a great gathering of delegates, envoys, miltary and naval officers, and other prominent personages, in the foreign office, on March 10. In consenting to this, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the leader of the revolution, did a gracious act for which the foreign press universally paid him great compliments. The ceremony was solemn, almost pathetic, and typical of China's transition. But things are not altogether favorable to the peaceful establishment of the new regime. On the evening of February 29, the troops of Peking mutinied and began looting and burning, and there is great unrest in all parts of the country supplemented by a famine, which is claiming thousands of victims.

New Wards and Changes in Bishops, Etc., for the month of February, 1912, as reported by the Presiding Bishop's Office:

New Wards. Tabiona ward, Duchesne stake, organized with James S. Jones, bishop, and Ross F. Crandall, ward clerk; Bluebell ward, Duchesne stake, organized with Wm. P. Merrill, bishop, and J. Isaac Lybbert, ward clerk.

Bishops. Edward Powell, Upton ward, Summit stake, to succeed John C. Kidd; David J. Sutton, Montpelier First ward, Bear Lake stake, to succeed Wilford W. Clark.

Ward Clerks. Hyrum S Nicol, Theodore ward, Duchesne stake, to succeed Barr W. Musser; Albert J. Bird, Fifth ward, Pioneer stake, to succeed Wm. A. Pettit; Henry J. Kotter, Elsinore ward, Sevier stake, to succeed Edward Payne; Nels Buttler, Santaquin ward, Nebo stake, to succeed Lars A. Johnson.

The South Pole was discovered by the Norwegian explorer, Roald Amundsen, on December 14, 1911, and was first announced in two Norwegian newspapers on March 8, 1912, based on a telegram from Captain Amundsen dated Hobart, Tasmania, which reads: "Pole reached 14-17 December." He used the "Fram," which carried Dr. Fritjof Nansen to the regions of the north, some years ago. The captain left Buenos Ayres on his South Pole trip late in 1910, with a small pack of Siberian dogs, and his men were provided with skis for traversing glacier ice. Captain Robert Scott, the British explorer, and his steamer, "Terra Nova," have not been heard from.

Abram Hatch, president of the Wasatch stake from 1867 to 1902, and a prominent pioneer of the state and Wasatch county, died at his home in Heber, December 2, 1911. He was born in Addison county, Vermont, January 3, 1830. He came to Utah in September, 1850. He crossed the plains eleven times for freight and emigrants, filled a mission to the states in 1861, and to England in 1864-7, crossing the Atlantic on his return in the "Great Eastern." Several years he represented his county in the Utah legislature, and was prominent in the business development of the country.

President Anthon H. Lund, first counselor in the Presidency of the Church, and a prominent pioneer, was appointed by Governor William Spry, January 27, to fill the vacancy in the Capitol Commission, caused by the death of the late President John Henry Smith.

On March 14, the commission adopted and accepted the plans of the new state capitol building, drawn by Architect Richard Kletting. The style of the new building is severely classical Corinthian, and very much like the capitol at Washington. Mr. Kletting is a German by birth, and came to Utah twenty-nine years ago. The building is to cost two million dollars, and the architect will receive two per cent of the contract price.

"A Victim of the Mormons" is a vicious picture play which has been exhibited in pretty much all parts of the earth. On the very firm ground that it slanders the religious beliefs and moral ethics of the public of Utah, a number of people protested against its being shown in the west, and Governor Spry succeeded in getting the National Board to withdraw the libel, which was to have been released for presentation in Utah and other states early in February. The films are of foreign origin, and have been mentioned in the "Era" as having been shown in Scandinavia and other European countries, and in Africa.

David McKenzie, pioneer thespian, and member of the Deseret Dramatic company, died on Sunday, March 10, 1912. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, December 27, 1834, and came to Utah in October, 1854. His career upon the stage is well known. In the Salt Lake theatre he filled leading supporting roles with many of the famous stars of the country. He filled two missions to England, one with President Joseph F. Smith, in 1874-5. He was a faithful attendant at Tabernacle services, and acted for many years as clerk and bookkeeper in the President's office. He was an ardent, faithful worker for the upbuilding of both Church and State.

Margaret G. Clawson, wife of Bishop Hiram B. Clawson, died February 10, 1912. She was the daughter of Thomas A. Judd and Teresa Hastings, and was born in Ontario, Canada, September 6, 1831. She came with the family to Utah, in 1849, arriving in Salt Lake City, October 16. She was married in 1852 to Bishop Clawson. Her husband, four sons and three daughters survive her. Her dramatic career is well known. She took part in the first play ever presented in the Salt Lake theatre.

A strike of the coal miners of England went into effect February 29. The government tried but failed to avert the strike, and more than a million colliers stopped work. Three or four times that number were thrown out of employment, and industries have stopped for lack of fuel. An individual minimum wage for all underground workers is what is demanded of the coal owners.

Judge C. C. Wilson, chief justice of the supreme court of Utah, from 1868 to 1870, died at his home in Kewanee, Illinois, March 11, 1912, age 85. While chief justice of Utah he was highly honored for his impartiality and honesty of purpose.